TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TWENTY-~~THIRD~~ Second ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

FOR

1894

CONTAINING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY HON. THOMAS H. TONGUE

AND THE

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY FREDERICK V. HOLMAN, Esq.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND OTHER MATTERS
OF HISTORIC INTEREST

PORTLAND, OREGON
GEO. H. HIMES AND COMPANY, PRINTERS
McKay Building, 248½ Stark Street
1895

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Eng^d by F G Kernan & Co N Y

F. D. Holman

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MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

PORTLAND, OREGON,)
WEDNESDAY, February 27, 1894.)

Pursuant to call the Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the parlor of the First National Bank at 10:30 a. m. for the purpose of making the preliminary arrangements for the Twenty-second Annual Reunion.

Those present were as follows: Hon. H. W. Corbett, 1851, President; Frank Dekum, 1853, Vice-President; George H. Himes, 1853, Secretary; Henry Failing, 1851, Treasurer; F. X. Matthieu, 1842, A. R. Burbank, 1852, Directors.

After being called to order the minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

After discussion it was voted that the next Reunion should be held in Portland.

Judge C. B. Bellinger, of Portland, was selected to give the annual address, with Hon. Thos. H. Tongue, of Hillsboro, as alternate; and Judge Reuben P. Boise, Salem, chosen to make the occasional address, with Theodore T. Geer, Macleay, as alternate.

The matter of securing the alternates to give the addresses above mentioned, in the event of the principals failing, was left with the President and Secretary.

Rev. C. H. Mattoon, 1852, of Independence, was selected as Chaplain, and William Kapus, 1853, Grand Marshal

Upon motion, Whitney L. Boise, R. L. Durham, Charles E. Ladd, Dr. Curtis C. Strong, and J. Couch Flanders were elected a local Committee of Arrangements.

Mrs. M. C. George, Mrs. R. F. Burrell, and Mrs. Van B. DeLashmutt were elected the Ladies' Committee on Entertainment.

The Secretary was elected a committee to arrange for music and tránsportation.

Fred. V. Holman, Esq., and Joseph Teal, Esq., were elected the local Finance Committee.

The matter of printing the Transactions for 1893 was settled by awarding the contract to Geo. H. Himes, and he was entrusted with securing and editing the matter to be published therein.

The Secretary named Mrs. C. H. Dye, of Oregon City, as one who, while not a pioneer herself, took great interest in all matters pertaining to pioneer history. In this connection he stated that she had for some time past been engaged in investigating matters bearing directly upon the early pioneer life, and in this way had become very familiar with many of its phases. For this reason he requested the privilege of trying to secure an address from her on such topics as she might select in this connection, to be given at the evening meeting. The request was considered favorably, and the Secretary was instructed to do everything he might think best to bring about the results contemplated in his remarks.

No further business appearing the Board adjourned subject to call from the President.

GEORGE H. HIMES,
Secretary.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REUNION

PORTLAND, OREGON,
FRIDAY, June 15, 1894.

The annual gatherings of those who recovered this country from barbarism and established here a grand commonwealth are surrounded by vivid memories of the past, thrilling in interest and filled with impulses that move outward to a better future. Here it was they sought new homes, new places of labor and ultimately a resting place.

The Annual Reunion of the Pioneers revives pleasant memories of brave manhood and magnificent womanhood that are woven into the years that have passed and contributed to that fair superstructure of civil, Christian and political inheritance we now enjoy. But pleasant memories are tinged with the shadow of sad regret as each recurring year recalls those who were with us but a year ago, but now gone over to the great majority. The shoulders of those who came here to establish civilization are bending under the added burden of accumulating years, and in a short time they will have completed their work and passed beyond to be greeted by those who were once amongst them.

While in the very nature of things the pioneer ranks are constantly being depleted by natural causes, the attendance this year was somewhat smaller than it would have been had not the great flood — nothing like having been known since the first occupation of the country—pre-

vented a number from coming to this city who had planned to do so.

It was shortly after one o'clock when Grand Marshal William Kapus gave the command to march, and the pioneers who had gathered at the Hotel Portland filed in double rank out of the courtyard, preceded by the Marine Band, and took up the line of march to the Exposition building. Many, through the infirmities of age, unable to take their accustomed place in the ranks, were provided with carriages, and hundreds of others lined the sidewalks, following the procession to the hall, where the anniversary exercises were to take place.

The music hall of the Exposition building was well filled by pioneers, their families and friends. Larger crowds have been gathered there, but none attracting more general interest than that of to-day. During the morning a committee of pioneer ladies—Mrs. Frances M. Harvey, Mrs. A. H. Morgan, Mrs. Benton Killin, Mrs. R. F. Burrell, and Mrs. C. M. Cartwright—were busily engaged in arranging the floral decorations of the stage, and, when their labor was completed, it presented an effective and very attractive scene. There were roses in profusion. A long, broad band of these dainty flowers encircled the front of the platform, relieved by dark green branches of evergreens. Upon the right of the stage was a long floral ladder, made entirely of wild flowers, emblematic of the tedious journey of the pioneers across the plains, while at its base reposed a mammoth cluster of scarlet geraniums, the symbol of hope. To the left was another floral ladder, not so long as the other, but made entirely of beautiful roses, while at its foot was a half-overturned basket filled

with pansies, and above a cluster of calla lilies, intended to symbolize Oregon as it is, a land of peace and plenty. Across the arch was the word "Pioneers," each letter composed of bright-hued roses, and, as the exercises progressed, flower after flower would drop, released from its tender fastening, bringing forcibly to mind the sad thought that even thus the aged pioneers were dwindling away.

At the hour of two o'clock, everything being in readiness, the following program was carried out:

Calling to order.....By Hon. H. W. Corbett, President of the Association.
Music.....Marine Band
Prayer.....Rev. H. K. Hines, Chaplain
Address of Welcome.....Hon. H. W. Corbett
Annual Address.....Hon. Thomas H. Tongue
Music.....Marine Band
Occasional Address.....Frederick V. Holman, Esq.
Music.....Marine Band
Benediction.....By the Chaplain

Immediately following the above exercises, the

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

was held. Pursuant to notice given by John Minto, 1844, one year ago, of an amendment to the constitution whereby the privilege of membership in the Association should be extended to February 14, 1859, the date when Oregon became a State, upon motion of of A. R. Burbank, 1853, that matter was taken from the table, and a spirited discussion ensued, Frederick V. Holman, 1854, Ahio S. Watt, 1847, Thos. A. Wood, 1852, and Robert Ford, 1852, opposing the extension of time and John Minto, 1844, A. R. Burbank, 1853, Curtis C. Strong, M. D., 1849, Hon. William Galloway, 1852, W. H. H. Myers, 1852, George H. Himes, 1853, earnestly

arguing for the passage of the amendment. Finally two tellers being appointed to represent each side, a vote was taken by the contending parties arising to be counted. This resulted in a large majority for the amendment, and was so declared by the President; but those opposed, led by Mr. Holman, endeavoring to impeach the count of one of the tellers, the winning party, not desiring any seeming unfairness, consented to have the vote taken over. This was by a division of the contestants, and the majority, as indicated by the tellers, was much greater for the amendment than in the first instance, it being carried by a vote of 143 to 85; whereupon President Corbett again declared the amendment adopted, thus extending the right of membership in the Association to all who arrived in Oregon prior to its admission to the Union.

The next business transacted was the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows:

Hon. H. W. Corbett, 1851, Multomah county, President.

Hon. William Galloway, 1852, Yamhill county, Vice-President.

George H. Himes, 1853, Multnomah county, Secretary.

Dr. Curtis C. Strong, 1853, Multnomah county, Corresponding Secretary.

Henry Failing, 1851, Multnomah county, Treasurer.

J. T. Apperson, 1847, Clackamas county; J. M. Wagner, 1852, Marion county; T. R. Cornelius, 1845, Washington county, Directors.

The following resolution, introduced by Jonn Minto, was adopted by a standing vote:

WHEREAS, Since the last annual meeting of this Association in the order of Providence, Captain Robert Wilson Morrison has passed from this stage of life; and—

WHEREAS, Fifty years ago Captain Morrison was a chosen leader amongst the remarkable men, who at that time were crossing the plains and mountains in order to make their homes and plant American institutions to make good the title of the United States to the valley of the Columbia; therefore be it

Resolved, That the officers of this Association are hereby instructed to take such steps as will place upon record as good a portrait of Captain Morrison, as can be procured, as a representative of the heroic class.

The special committee on resolutions, William Galloway, T. R. Cornelius, and J. S. Risley—presented the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That we reverently bow to the decree of divine Providence in removing from our pioneer ranks so many of our brethren and sisters during the past year, and we extend to the surviving relatives and friends our most heartfelt sympathy and condolence.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association are due and tendered to the gentlemen who so ably entertained the members at this annual meeting with their eloquent and instructive addresses.

Resolved, That we are under renewed obligations to the ladies and friends of Portland, who have so generously decorated the pavilion for the Annual Reunion.

Resolved, That our appreciation and thanks be presented to the various transportation lines which have given reduced rates of fare to those attending this Reunion.

Resolved, That we express to the officers of this Association our thanks for their services during the past year.

A PIONEER LOVE FEAST.

The exercises were appropriately introduced by an excellent and suggestive paper on "Woman's Part in the Drama of the Northwest," prepared and read by Mrs. C. H. Dye, of Oregon City.

The evening meeting was truly a most enjoyable occasion. Here the pioneers felt themselves fully at home. It was down on the program as an experience meeting, interspersed with songs and music, informal in nature. It was admirably presided over by Hon. William Galloway, of Yamhill county, who seemed to know just what chord to touch in order to unfetter the tongues of those he called upon, and out of lives full of thrilling experiences they gave brief glimpses of the conditions incident to bringing a frontier state into life. How those old pioneers did enjoy it; what stories they told of early days, of their weary trip across the plains their sufferings, anxieties and sorrows.

No one was allowed to talk over five minutes, and when time was up the drummer gave the signal on his drum. T. A. Wood was the first to relate his experience, but he had hardly got across the Missouri river in his narrative, when rat-a-ta-tat went the drum, and what he had to tell will probably never be known. An exception was made in the case of Courtney W. Meek, 1840, of Washington county, in consideration of his giving the greatly interested audience a genuine warwhoop. This he did in a most lifelike way, after recounting a number of incidents in his eventful life, among them references to occasions when a warwhoop was far from being a cheerful sound. Others followed in quick succession, all having some interesting

or amusing experience to tell. The love feast lasted for two hours or more, and then the Twenty-Second Annual Reunion came to a close with the feeling on the part of all that this was one of the most thoroughly enjoyable meetings yet held.

GEORGE H. HIMES,

Secretary.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE

The following is a list of the pioneers who were in attendance, arranged by years, as complete as possible to obtain:

1839

Rev. J. S. Griffin, Hillsboro.

1840

S. B. Parrish, Portland,
J. L. Parrish, Salem.
C. W. Meek, Hillsboro,

1841

Mrs. Geo. Plumey, Portland,
Mrs. Letitia McKay, Glencoe.

1843

John Hobson, Astoria,
H. A. Straight, Oregon City,
W. H. Vaughn, Molalla,
Mr. and Mrs. A. Hill, Gaston.

1844.

W. L. Higgins, Portland,
James Johnson, Lafayette,
John Minto, Salem,
W. A. Scoggin, Portland.
J. W. Welch, Astoria,
G. L. Rowland, North Yamhill,
Mrs. M. Chase, Champoeg,
Mrs. F. M. Harvey, Portland.

1845

J. H. McMillen, Portland,
Mrs. A. H. Morgan, "
Jennie Smith, Silverton,
S. Durbin, Salem,
T. R. Cornelius, Cornelius.
Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Portland,
Colonel James Taylor, Astoria,
Sarah S. Jackson, Glencoe,
J. S. Risley, Oswego,

1846

R. S. MacEwan, Portland.
A. S. Cone, Portland.

1847

Aaron E. Wait, Portland,
W. T. Scholl, "
T. J. Gregory, "
W. B. Jolly, "
T. R. Bewley, McCoy,
J. Tompkins, Oregon City,
J. T. Apperson, "
T. D. Humphrey, Hillsboro,
R. V. Short, Sunnyview,
A. Lewelling, Milwaukie.

Ahio S. Watt, Portland,
Mary J. Hanna, "
J. M. Shelley, "

T. J. Eckerson, Portland,
Elizabeth Eckerson, "
Jacob Kamm, "
Colburn Barrell, "

E. W. Baughman, Portland,
C. P. Bacon, "
I. G. Davidson, "
C. S. Silvers, "
Rev. J. W. Miller, "
C. C. Redman, "
W. E. Long, "
T. B. Trevett, "
I. M. Wagner, "
J. Kruse, Wilsonville,
J. H. Slavin, Hillsdale,

F. R. Strong, Portland,
T. H. Eckerson, "
E. E. McClure, "
Henry Failing, "
J. W. Kern, "
Milton W. Smith, "
S. L. Simpson, "
C. P. Burkhart, Albany,
P. C. McClure, Salem,
S. F. Chadwick, "

P. W. Gillette, Portland,
G. W. Taylor, "
John P. Walker, "
N. Hughey, "
William Masters, "

1848

J. W. Gearhart, Astoria,
J. B. Wyatt, "
P. Kelly, Portland.

1849

C. P. Glover, Albany,
D. E. Pease, Skipanon,
Hannah P. Pease, "

1850

John W. Beck, Portland,
I. H. Gove, "
Wm. Grooms, "
George A. Pease, "
John Waud, "
Theodore Wygant, "
E. H. Dean, "
J. S. Bell, "
Mrs. M. S. Pillsbury, Oregon City,
J. B. Hembree, Lafayette,
J. M. Belcher, "

1851

R. Williams, Portland,
Richard Hoyt, "
Raleigh Stott, "
H. W. Corbett, "
Mrs. H. B. Nicholas, Portland,
G. L. Story "
W. Abernethy, Dora,
J. F. Miller, Klamath Falls,
David Smith, Forest Grove,
Mrs. David Smith, "

1852

John Hug, Portland,
J. A. Ripperton, "
A. T. Carroll, "
T. A. Wood, "
Mrs. William Masters, Portland,

F. V. Holman, Portland,
John Marshall, "
J. F. Jones, "
L. M. Parrish, "
Mrs. M. C. George, "
A. H. Sale, Astoria,
D. G. Olds, Middleton,
Mrs. E. M. Olds, "
John Winters, "
J. S. Newell, Dilley,
Thomas Cox, Forest Grove,
J. D. Kelty, McCoy,
L. A. Loomis, Loomis, Wn.,
Peter Taylor, Portland,
Mrs. A. S. Duniway, "
Mrs. A. Holbrook, "
Joseph Buchtel, "
William Galloway, McMinnville,
Mrs. S. G. Whitwell, Portland,
G. H. Reeves, Cedar Mills,
Robert Ford, Sherwood,
J. L. Steward, Carlton,
N. H. Looney, Jefferson,
Isaac Ball, Tualatin,
R. H. Espey, Oysterville, Wn.,
G. Hornbuckle, Beaverton,

1853

J. F. Failing, Portland,
Mrs. R. M. Wade, "
Mrs. M. E. McClure, Portland,
E. N. Deady, "
S. L. Pope, "
Sarah, J. Carrington, "
Theodore S. Trevett, "
Mrs. Mary E. Fox, "
Frank Ford, Oswego,
Geo. H. Himes, "
T. B. Newman, "
A. S. McClure, Eugene,
C. H. Newell, St. Helen's,
W. J. Williams, Roseburg,
L. B. Frazer, McCoy.
John Conner, Portland,
Mrs. Mary H. Cochran, Portland,
W. H. Byars, Portland,
W. H. Pope, "
C. P. Hogue, "
E. H. Robertson, "
D. P. Thompson, "
Norman Darling, "
Frank Dekum, "
Miss Taylor, Astoria,
A. R. Burbank, Lafayette,
G. M. Perkins, "
J. Freeman, Hillsboro,
Charles Lafollette, Montavilla,

1854

Frank Story, Portland,
W. W. Beach, "
P. J. Mann, "
J. C. Olds, "
Charles McGinn, Portland,
William Church, "
Chauncey Dale, "
J. Q. Olds, "
William Campbell, McMinnville,
Dean Blanchard, Rainier.

1859

Thos. H. Tongue, Hillsboro.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

BY HON. H. W. CORBETT

Ladies and Gentlemen, Pioneers of Oregon:—It becomes my pleasant duty to welcome you once more to Portland; once more to enable you to talk over the reminiscences of the past, and to recount the incidents of your journey to and of your early settlement in Oregon.

You, who marked out the pathway to this fair land; to you, who took possession of the soil, in the name of the United States, that it might become the homes of millions of our countrymen; to you, who made it possible for us, who came in later years, to establish and build up this fair city; who made it possible for us to build here monuments of beauty, of enterprise and this city of commercial prosperity, and which is now the entrepot of the great Northwest—to you, all honor is due, for your early foresight and your endurance on the long march of your travel, as well as for the privations you endured in the first years of your settlement of the country.

We, who came in later years, to build upon the foundations that you had prepared for us, appreciate the great service you performed in first marking the way. While we, in later days, performed perhaps a less important part—in establishing trade and commerce—we together, each in his respective sphere, by uniting our strength and our common interest, have built up the great states of Oregon and Washington, which was made possible by the privations and endurance which you suffered in earlier days.

Many of the early pioneers have passed away. A few of you are yet left to tell the tale of the early history of Oregon. Therefore it give me pleasure, in the name of the citizens of Portland,

to again welcome you to our city, and to extend to you our heartfelt gratitude for the many benefits conferred upon the people of the Northwest and our common country.

Unborn millions will yet arise to bless you and will inhabit the land you acquired and guarded so well, dedicating it and your labors as you have to future generations and to happy homes in the vast region "Where rolls the Oregon."

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BY HON. THOMAS H. TONGUE.

Mr. President, Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen: We have met together to witness and commemorate the annual reunion of the constantly diminishing survivors of the early settlers of Oregon. A few days ago our fair young state was the scene of conflict, drums were beating, banners flying. There was the tramp of contending armies forming for the decisive conflict of principles and opinions. To-day the conflict is ended, the battle fought and won, and peace pervades the land. Now victors and vanquished, leaving our banners and insignia of strife at the doors of our tents, shake hands as brothers, citizens of a common country we all love, proud of the young state we call our home. We have met to do honor to those brave and hardy people who founded our empire, in the right government of which we have so earnestly contended—wrested it from barbarism and dedicated it to civilization.

It would be an old story, should I attempt to recount the history of their early suffering and final triumph. How in the prime and vigor of their young manhood and womanhood, with light hearts, unflinching courage, fearless of toil or danger, they cheerfully parted with friends, with the comforts and allurements of home, and plunged into a trackless wilderness of unknown and immeasurable extent and rescued the fairest portion of the western hemisphere from the dominion of wild beasts and wilder men, has been told by those who bore a leading part in this vast achievement. I could add nothing of light or knowledge to a narrative so often and so well told. But this vast empire, rich and beautiful, is not all that the pioneers of Oregon have bequeathed to their posterity and humanity. That ancestor doubly blesses his descendants, who not only leaves to them his honors and his estates, but also endows them with the sterling qualities

of heart and brain, by which his success was earned and his fortunes acquired. The vast territorial domain the Oregon pioneers have opened up and subjected to settlement and civilization, I would not under-estimate either its extent, its beauty, its grandeur or the wealth of its resources. But of equal importance to their posterity and to humanity are the lessons to be drawn from their simple lives, their sterling characters, their homely virtues and manly strength. Permit me to-day, for a few moments, to dwell upon this part of our heritage. Let me endeavor, if I can, to hold up to your view the qualities of character in these people that we should not only admire, but that we should labor to attain; such as would enable us, as enabled them, to win success. In this manner we may draw from the past lessons for the benefit of the present and future. There can come no better time to call attention to this feature of the heritage they have bequeathed to us than while the story of their toil, their sufferings and ultimate triumph is fresh in every memory. No better time than while the vast country they have acquired, beautified and enriched is in our possession and in our enjoyment, while their lives have been a part of our own, their characters as familiar to us as the faces of our wives and children, and while a few—far too few—still survive to enrich us with their wisdom and experience. The lesson, therefore, to be drawn from their lives and character can never be done with fuller knowledge than to-day. They were never more needed at any time or place than here and now. While their gray hairs and wrinkled faces are still before us, before the sod on the graves of others has become green, while we are in the full enjoyment of the magnificent heritage they have bequeathed to us, too many, far too many of the people of Oregon are deriding and abandoning the simple manly virtues that made the Oregon pioneer a king among man.

One of the attributes of these people calling for our admiration is their quiet, unostentatious and unflinching courage. Theirs was not of the showy kind that is displayed only when drums are beating and colors flying, under the gaze of brilliant commanders and in the presence of an admiring nation, where,

if death come, it is a halo of glory, and where the stake to be contended for is a victor's crown. Their courage was tested in the every day affairs of their lives, in the silent mountains, when alone with their rifles, and their savage foes, no witness but their maker, and the question at issue—the lives and honor of wife and children. The speedy muster, to bring to justice the murderers of the Whitmans, the rapid march in the dead of winter, over snow-covered mountains and through a land infested with savages who knew every pass and hill and valley, the quick succession of engagements and final victories; for cool, determined manly courage and fearlessness of hardship, toil and danger, is without a parallel in modern warfare. And it was neither love of conquest nor thirst for glory that drew them into battle array. The cause for which they contended was that which above all others has ever consecrated war and sweetened victory—the defense of home and family. And justice will not be satisfied until the survivors of the conflict receive from government the same recognition and reward for their courage and patriotism as is accorded to other defenders of our common country.

Another equally marked and equally admirable trait of pioneer character was a high sense of honor, an unquestioned integrity. With unlocked doors, flocks and herds roaming the hills, valleys and plains unprotected, with few and simple laws, their honor was their shield, their words their bonds, and dishonesty almost unknown. Litigation was rare, and then for want of mutual understanding, not want of honor; because of misunderstanding, not dishonesty. They asked the passage of no laws to relieve them from their contracts—and when a pioneer entered into an engagement fairly and knowingly, it was as inviolate as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Shown the honest and the right way it was law to them, and few courts or officers were needed to enforce it. In determining the steps to be taken, the question was not "Is it law?" but "Will my conscience justify me?" The unbounded hospitality of the pioneer has been so often told that any description I might give would not only be superfluous, but would be like an attempt to gild refined gold or paint afresh the colors of the rainbow. But the distinguishing characteristics of the

early settlers of Oregon, both men and women, and to which today I desire to call special attention, was a thorough and implicit reliance upon themselves. The distinguishing characteristic of too many modern Oregonians is an implicit reliance upon some one else.

When a band of emigrants assembled on the banks of the Missouri, preparatory to their westward march, they did not murmur at the decrees of Providence, because the mountains were so steep and rugged, the plains so hot and dry, the water so scarce, or the treacherous savage so blood thirsty. They did not wait till the government should open a pathway across the wilderness, or drive the redskins to a safer distance, or furnish them with script to pay their way, or supply them with a medium of exchange in their new home. But, independent of character, courageous, resolute, self-reliant, reckless of toil, danger or pain, trusting to no arm but their own, they plunged into the wilderness, scaled the mountains, repulsed the red devils, who thwarted their pathway, and planted a home for themselves, their children, and their children's children, within the fairest land the sun ever shown upon It is sometimes said the government gave those men a home. That is not correct. They gave this land to the government, and received back only a part of their own. But for them the stars and stripes would not now float over us. The homes they acquired were but the legitimate rewards of their own efforts. They wrestled with the wilderness and overcame it. With a rifle in one hand and the peaceful implements of agriculture in the other, by incessant self-reliant toil, they carved from the continent a new world, converted it into rich gardens, magnificent orchards—dotted its hills with flocks and herds, its plains with fields of waving grain, thrifty villages, great cities, institutions of learning and culture, and filled it navigable rivers with busy wheels and floating palaces.

But continuous success was not the lot of all. Among them were those who had their faults and weaknesses, and we may gather instruction from them, as well as from their virtues and strength. Those early settlers of Oregon found here all the elements of happiness to delight the soul of the most radical apostle of modern despair. There was equality in great abundance.

All were tramps, none millionaires. No gold bug conspirator or heartless plutocrat threatened the ownership of their rifles or ox teams No grasping railroad monopoly infested the land, or robbed them of their earnings. No "bandit banker" borrowed money from the government at one per cent. interest and loaned it to them at ten. No base conspirator, paid by the "gold power of Europe," demonetized their wheat, or debased or contracted their circulating medium. No "robber baron" of the tariff fattened upon their substances or filched their earnings. Not 50, 60, or 90, but 100 per cent. of their property was invested in agriculture. All that nature provides was the common property of all God's children. No tyrannous government, with its bad laws, made the rich richer, or the poor poorer. All were equal in wealth and opportunity. All things were open alike to all. How it would have cheered the heart of a modern agitator to have been born 50 years earlier, and have cast his lot with the Oregon pioneers. They were the choice and selected spirits of their time and the places of their birth. They were the survivors of the fittest. The weak had perished on the journey. What a choice race the children of those pioneers should have been. Unlike so many of the sons of ancient heroes, descended from strong men and weak women, the children of the Oregon pioneers were of royal lineage on both sides. Their mothers were as strong in body, as stout in heart, as heroic in soul as their fathers were. And yet a generation had not passed away until the descendants of those people starting life equal in every opportunity, are divided as distinctively as any people on earth, into every financial class, from the pauper to the millionaire. The same economic laws have been in force here as elsewhere. Those who, on reaching Oregon, relied upon their past achievements and relaxed all efforts; those who snatched from passing hours every fleeting pleasure; who, upon the wayside of life, have stopped to gather each flower that pleased the fancy; who listened to the music of every new songster, frowned upon duty while embracing pleasure, leaving solid pursuits and paths beaten by prudence and success to chase fleeting butterflies, have in all probability reaped their reward in what the world calls "failure." Like children at play, they could

not eat and keep their sweetmeats. The man who exercised rigid economy, unflinching industry and while others slept or played devoted his time to self-culture and the training of his mental faculties, striving to learn how best to use the powers and opportunities God had given him, and then conducted all his affairs with energy and intelligence to the accomplishment of a chosen purpose, earned and deserved success. The history of the settlement and growth of Oregon shows, beyond question, that could all the wealth of our country be to-day equally divided among all the children of men a generation would not pass until the tramp and millionaire, with every grade of condition between them, would be as common as to-day.

The lesson, then, taught by the lives, character and experience, success and failure, of those hardy and heroic people, is that reliance upon self, personal effort, intelligently, persistently, continuously directed, is absolutely necessary to any success in life. There is no other way. In our whole country to-day, as in the early history of Oregon, all things are open to all men. Opportunities come to all—few use them. Hundreds of educated soldiers entered the civil war; there was but one Grant, one Sherman, one Sheridan. Not the scion of wealth, not the "curled darling" of society, but the once sheriff of Buffalo, occupies the chief place of honor in this republic. The widow's son, born to poverty, toiling along the canals of Ohio, outstripped every child of every millionaire of his time, in the race for public honor. It was the rail-splitter of the frontier, who towering like a giant above all contemporaries, became the grandest figure of the nineteenth century. The instrument by which "Ole Bull" charmed the soul of the gods, in the hands of a novice in your neighbor's parlor, fills you with despair. The copious and melodious language from which the blind Milton, wrought out his majestic song, Shakespeare his immortal plays, his charming and persuasive eloquence, Webster his overwhelming arguments and crushing logic, is at the full and free command of all. But the Master's work is not repeated without the Master's hand.

There never has been, there never will be, any success worthy of the name that was not won as the pioneer won his home, by

persistent toil, mental or physical, or both. And the Oregon pioneer but repeats and emphasizes the lesson taught by all history and engraved upon every page. Glance back into the domain of the past. Recall the stirring events of other days. Behold those whose kingly brows, whose forms of rugged strength and majestic beauty tower far above upturned, unknown and unknowable faces. How climbed they the heights so dazzling? Whence came the strength that carried them so high up this temple of fame? Was it from distinction of birth? The favor of wealth? The circumstances of their time? The smiles of fortune? Were they carried up this steep without toil or danger, by strong hands of loving friends or brave countrymen? Did they discover some royal road of easy ascent and known only to the favored of fortune? By no means. They simply plodded there. Fixing a steady gaze upon the coveted goal, they climbed the rugged way step by step. No siren song of pleasure, no allurement of vice, no enticement of ease ever dimmed the eye, unnerved the hand, unsteadied the step, or allured them from the chosen pathway, or changed the steady purpose of their souls. Every impulse, every faculty, every strength—yea, every weakness of brain and hand and heart were summoned to the labor and compelled to yield obedience to the purpose of the will. When ease and pleasure sought only to sweeten toil and freshen the faculties, they were welcomed as friends and allies, and made to aid the achievement of success. When they sought to block the pathway and dull the taste for labor, they were grappled with and overcome. By unremitting toil, by unwearied vigilance, step by step, gaining fresh strength at every point, from every contest, these choice spirits have climbed every foot of their way to the chosen eminence. There they stand for our admiration and for an example. They point us to the pathway and impel us to follow. Those who would imitate their success, must follow the path they walked and imitate their self-denying toil.

The divine melodies of Milton were distilled from unremitting toil. The triumphs of Newton, of Edison, were not plucked among delicious walks from perfumed flowers. Victories of great generals, from Alexander to Grant, were planned in tents, around

which armies slept, and won on bloody fields, and not from luxurious apartments in fashionable ease. Our own Lincoln attracted the attention of the nation by speeches which were evolved from great labor. He guided the nation safely in danger by unremitting toil, unrelaxed vigilance, by giving to thought and labor and the salvation of his country, the hours that others gave to rest or play. Humanity can give nothing valuable that is not produced by toil. I repeat, then, with emphasis, that "since the morning stars first sang together," no human being, from Moses to Gladstone, ever earned merited distinction or success who did not possess the faculty for great labor, the ability to lay aside love of ease, love of pleasure, to rivet the full attention upon the subject under consideration, and with skill and vigor, place under control every faculty of mind and heart, and compel them to aid the work in hand.

Great wealth, distinguished friends, powerful relations, cannot help us. Nay, they are too often the greatest enemies to our progress. Strong friends, inherited wealth, are too often the blighting curse that brings ruin. They destroy the very atmosphere most needed to nourish us. The necessities of youth furnish the golden opportunities. The young man surrounded by want must strive. His very needs inspire him. Struggle and achievement give him strength. In the contests that are forced upon him, he acquires courage, self-denial, self-reliance, high aspirations—the habits, virtues and faculties that fit him for success. Like the Indian child cast into the deep water, he must swim. The young sapling growing in a secluded spot, sheltered from the storm, fanned only by gentle breezes, watered by rippling brooks, surrounded by fragrant flowers and sweet music of merry songsters, does not become the pride of the forest. A passing breeze, and the murmur of the brook marks its untimely fall. High on the mountain's brow, fanned by the lightning's fiery breath, lashed by the storm king's fury, the monarch of the mountain gains new strength with each fierce conflict; after each blast strikes its roots deeper in the earth, bares its breast to the storm, spreads its branches to the heavens and defies the elements. And

when time and storm brings the end, the very thunder reverberates its funeral march.

The best capital outside of unquestioned integrity is the power and the will to do successful work. If we fail in life, it is because we do no labor that others want. The words of all others in our language that the people like to hear are, "I can and I will." If there is a word in the English language more reprehensible than "I won't," it is "I can't." Were I given the power to strike from the vocabulary a single phrase, "I can't" would disappear with lightning rapidity. And I would permit no synonym or substitute. "I can't" is a bound captive, dragged at the chariot wheels of every bold adventurer. "I can and I will," is a conquering hero. At its approach the mighty bow in reverence. Kings delight to do it honor. Before it armies retreat; the walls of strong cities totter and fall; the doors of locked treasure open wide, and fame yields up her most precious gifts. Nay, more, it unlocks the gates of heaven, and "to him that overcometh" is promised the joys of eternal life.

That man's bread must be earned by the sweat of his brow, is as true to-day as when first spoken by Omnipotence to His listening children. Fraud, deceit and falsehood sometimes gain a fleeting victory, but in the end lasting triumph comes only to honest work. The applause of men, the smiles of beauty, the honors and riches of earth, are for him who can conquer them by persistent endeavor. Heaven and earth alike incite to toil and reward the toiler. The coming man will be a man of work. The great achievements of the future, as in the past, will be the product of toil. It is the man of work, the man who can at the proper time lay aside his love of ease and pleasure, who can place every faculty of his being under subjection and wield them all with concentrated power and energy to do a master's will, to whom the earth will deliver the keys that unlock her long-kept secrets; to whom nature will deliver, bound and captive to his will, vast forces the existence of which is as yet unknown. For him the rolling spheres will stoop from their lofty heights that his ears may catch the music unknown to earth. Yea, it is to such a man the very gates of heaven will yield obedience and open to receive his

unconquered spirit. These were some of the qualities and characteristics of that noble band of men and women, the few survivors of whom are now before us. The lessons they would have us learn from them have been wrought out in the structure of their lives. As we take their honest hands and look upon their wrinkled brows, and read the characters stamped upon their faces, let us draw from them some inspiration for our own souls. The courage, honor, self-reliance and patient perseverance, that enabled them to overcome so much, will surely enable us to overcome the lesser difficulties that beset our pathway. While so many quack remedies are being prescribed for imaginary ills, why not try the qualities and attributes that won home, honor, fame and success for so many of these people? To-day, it is true, we have few fertile valleys to open to settlement and cultivation, but the same qualities of heart and hand and brain, displayed by the Oregon pioneers, will still build a home, acquire competence and win success. With the courage, honor, self-reliance and perseverance of the pioneers, let us strive to overcome the obstacles across the pathways of our lives, and be content to acquire success, fortune and happiness as they were content to acquire them, and in the only real manly way that they can be acquired, by toiling for and earning them.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

BY FRED V. HOLMAN, ESQ.

Mr. President, Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen:—It was not until this week, that I was asked to deliver the occasional address to you. The orator who had been selected to deliver the occasional address was unable to do so, and did not notify the directors until this week. I at first declined to accept the invitation, for the reason that I had not time for preparation for such an important address. But the directors urged my acceptance, because of the difficulty of getting anyone on so short a notice to deliver such an address, and, too, after reflection, I could not find it in my heart, as the grandson of a pioneer of 1843, and a son of pioneers of 1846, to refuse the request of the directors and to decline to speak in behalf of the pioneers of Oregon and their great achievements. As the time was so short, it was agreed in this instance, the provisions of the constitution of the pioneers that the address should be written, would be waived and I might speak from notes and the speech be taken by a stenographer. I have not had time to get dates, facts and figures and scraps of history for this address, but as a native son of Oregon, I know of the pioneers in a way that no one could obtain from books. I remember as a child of the troubles, tribulations, the privations and dangers of the pioneers—the fear of Indian outbreak, the peril of impending massacre by the Indians and of the daily life of the pioneers in the earlier times. I have sat at the feet of pioneers and heard them tell over and over again of their coming to Oregon and what they suffered and endured and what they achieved. I remembered the time when a letter from "The States" was an occurrence—a new arrival, an event; when western Oregon was sparsely settled and eastern Oregon had scarcely any people in it, and was considered a vast desert. I remember when the

sight of an apple was almost as rare as that of a steamboat; when the necessaries of to-day were the luxuries of the pioneer. And when I think of all these things, and of what the early pioneers did and suffered that Oregon might be what it is to-day, I have concluded that that shall be the text—the theme of this address.

I thank God that those days are over. I look back at them as a pioneer must look back at them—with mingled feelings of sorrow and of pleasure; of pleasure, because the dangers, the troubles, the trials and tribulations of the past are gone; of sorrow, because of pioneers who have passed away, and that they have not lived to see the consummation, the result of their early achievements. I am glad that Oregon stands to-day among the states—abreast with the other states of the Union, in civilization, in the comforts and refinements which make civilized life. But these comforts and blessings have not come unsought. They are results—results of the bravery and daring and of the combined and persistent efforts on the part of the pioneers. Not the pioneers of 1893 and 1894, but of 1843 and 1844, and the years immediately succeeding these first immigrations.

The true pioneers, although in some instances, rude and ununlettered, were in most instances, if not deeply learned in books nevertheless people of refined perceptions and instincts and of intelligence—learned in the language of the heart and schooled in humanity by experience. I sometimes think we give too much credit to those who are educated in books, for after all, education is mind-training and books are but one of the methods to that end. The boy who fishes with a pin hook in the streams of his neighborhood, knows more of the natural history of the trout than a man can learn simply from books. There are students who study so close to their books and hold them so close to their eyes, that they forget that there is anything beyond books. There are men so schooled in books that they have never learned to study the two greatest things man can study, and that is God, and human nature. And it was in this, nature's education, that many of the pioneers were learned.

But whatever the pioneer's education and culture, they knew

of and carried forward their enterprises so that a school-house was built with part of the logs or lumber procured for the dwelling house. A part of the money set aside for seed, paid part of the school teacher's modest salary, and the first crop fed not only the family of the pioneer, but also the school-teacher as he "boarded around."

Call this instinct, if you please, but it is the instinct and the acts of the people of a noble race. For what is instinct but that born in a descendant, inherited from successive preceding generations (if I may so use the word) of ancestors who had habitually practiced and performed what is called instinct in a descendant. In short, instinct is inherited qualities.

I speak not only of those who have been said to be the true pioneers—those who came to Oregon prior to 1847--who left the East prior to the Asburton treaty, which was made in the summer of 1846, but of all true Oregon pioneers. They were mostly of the Anglo-Saxon race, or nearly akin to that race. They brought with them to Oregon, the power, qualities and rich inheritances of mind and body, and the traditions, old and new, of that conquering and never conquered race. And these are the characteristics and traits which made the pioneers what they were, and which has made Oregon what it is to day. People do not usually go far enough back in the study of great events. We think that what we do to-day is new to-day, and yet we should know by common experience that there is hardly anything new under the sun.

The history of England to the time of the Revolution is a part of the history of the United States. Englishmen wrested from power the Magna Charta, the writ of habeas corpus and the bill of rights, and all these have become the heritage of the people of the United States and their children yet unborn, as much as the heritage of any peer or his descendants in England. These—all these the pioneers brought with them with their humble belongings, and also they brought with them the Declaration of Independence and the constitution of the United States—the

rights of personal liberty and the pursuit of happiness and law and order.

It was as natural that the Oregon pioneers should form a provisional government as it is that the state of Oregon should have a written constitution. That provisional government was simply the manifestation of Anglo-Saxon instincts—the crystallization of Anglo-Saxon traditions. It was just as natural that they should form a provisional government as it is that birds should fly in flocks, or that beavers should form colonies and build dams.

I have heard the question discussed as to whether the pioneers of Oregon were heroes. I do not think that they thought themselves heroes, but a man may be all the greater hero for the very reason that he does not think he is one. That the pioneers came expecting by force of arms to take Oregon from England, would be an absurd claim. That they came merely as a lot of adventurers and land-grabbers is not only absurd but untrue. The Ashburton treaty was made when the immigrants of 1846 were half way across the plains. Those who came prior to 1847 came with full knowledge that Oregon was a territory in dispute beteen the United States and England. They had heard the cry of "54-40 or fight" not as a national cry, but as a solemn warning.

If the pioneers did not come to conquer Oregon in war, they came to conquer it in peace and to Americanize it. They did not burn the bridges behind them, for there were no bridges to burn. But they brought their wives and children with them, and the determination to make and maintain Oregon as their home.

When Douglas threw the heart of Bruce among the Moorish horsemen he knew that he would follow that heart to his death. He did so follow it. When the early pioneer came to Oregon—a disputed territory—he was the heart of Bruce to the Douglas of the whole United States, and he knew and appreciated that fact.

The pioneer's rifle was for hostile Indians and any perils of his family. He knew that war might take place in the new land of his adoption. He did not know, but he felt that the United

States would not let him be despoiled without a fight, and he recognized the occupation of the disputed country by Americans was the first great step toward establishing and perfecting the claim of the United States to Oregon.

I do not believe that I, nor any one, can give more than a composite idea of what motives actuated the pioneers in coming to Oregon. And after all, is not the composite idea the true idea of any great event in which many take part? I have heard almost a denial of patriotism to the early pioneer; that every motive of his was sordid and that it was land they were after. But who could give them title to land? The United States government would not—the provisional government could not. Was there not plenty of unoccupied, rich, fertile land along the "Oregon trail?" Was not Kansas a beautiful, fertile, vast prairie, unoccupied, except by Indians? Was not Nebraska in the same condition? Were not the fertile lands of the Dakotas wholly unsettled? Did not Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota belong to the United States? Were the public lands of Missouri and Iowa and Illinois all taken? And did not Oregon pioneers leave lands in Missouri and Iowa and Illinois to come to Oregon—braving the dangers of land and water and of hostile Indian tribes to come to Oregon--claimed by unfriendly Indians, disputed territory, where a man's only title was his possession? For no one can truthfully claim that there were titles to lands in Oregon until the passage of the donation law of September 27, 1850. Will not truthful answers to all these questions show that the pioneers were not actuated by these sordid motives?

There are always people who fail to see good in any great action or event in a multitude of people. There are those who would say of the heroes of the American revolution, or of any other great American war, that they joined the army from some sordid motive—from ambition, hope of reward, as a jaunting expedition, or other motive than patriotism. Some of these motives may have influenced soldiers of the Continental army, but when they fought bravely and dared and did, shall we deny them even common patriotism? I think not. And so for the Oregon pioneer,

when he dared and did and accomplished and made Oregon, shall he not be judged and estimated by his part in this great event of Oregon's history? I believe that every true heart will give the Oregon pioneers their need of praise.

I have heard it said that the Oregon pioneers merely followed the race characteristics and traditions to move westward. If it was instinct, if it was tradition, it was the Anglo-Saxon instinct and tradition and all that goes with that instinct and those traditions. Have you ever considered what these Anglo-Saxon instincts and traditions are? These instincts and traditions grew through the long centuries since the origin of man. Each great war in which it took part, each great event of which it was a factor, each century in which it lived strengthened and enriched the instincts, the traditions, the power and civilization of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The Anglo-Saxon race is a part of the great Aryan race, which originated in the table lands of Persia. One part went south and became effeminate on the fertile lands and in the languid climate of India. The other part, the great part—the world-conquering, the world-ruling part—went westward to Europe and exterminated the European aborigines. One branch made Greece the mistress of the civilized world of that time. Mistress not alone in war, but in peace, in government, in art and in science. Is not our popular government a heritage from our Greek relatives? And if not a heritage, did not the same instincts which made the republic of Greece and afterwards the republic of Rome, make England and the United States what they are to-day? And the Teutonic race, a subdivision of the Aryan race, of which the Anglo-Saxon is a part, its star was ever in the western sky since its wild progenitors left the Aryan plains. The power and magnificence of imperial Rome could not stop its western march. It obtained from these Roman relatives, not only treasures of gold, but treasures of art and literature and government and citizenship.

And then the Anglo-Saxon, the younger son—ennobled by

the race instincts and inheriting the race traditions, took England for its home, and through long centuries created for itself new instincts, new traditions, new laws, new ideas, new liberties, and then it sought for other lands to conquer. America was most available. And there it came and grew and made new instincts, and new traditions, and being strong in itself, it successfully revolted from England and started for itself. It overran and conquered what was then called the West. Napoleon in his greatness was great enough to see that he would better sell Louisiana than lose it, for lose it France would when the Anglo-Saxon race wanted it.

And then that star, the guiding star of the Teutonic race, had become the particular star of the American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, and it hung over the western shore of the great Pacific ocean. Those who were to become the pioneers of Oregon saw it while they were still in the East, and followed it until it stood over Oregon and stopped, and here they settled and the western instincts and traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race were fulfilled and completed.

And if it was only such instinct and tradition, and not patriotism, that influenced the pioneers, shall there be no praise to those who heard the call and followed the star, and who by their energies, privations, self-denial and stedfastness made possible the Oregon of to-day and the grander and better Oregon of tomorrow? And this quality—this capability of being an Oregon pioneer, and all that goes with it—is the noblest heritage of a descendant of an Oregon pioneer. No instrument of writing can convey it away. No execution can be levied on it. It is imperishable. And to each descendant of a pioneer it comes as a full and complete heritage and not made smaller by division with other heirs. Let this heritage be not cheapened. Let it belong to those who of right deserve it.

I see here to-day the gray hairs and bowed forms of the early pioneers. I salute and venerate you, men and women of the immigrations of the '40s. Your dimmed eyes saw the tribulations of Oregon's early days. Your feet, which may have found the march

of to-day wearisome, were the same feet which never faltered in the long march to Oregon. Many of you have been in Oregon for more than half a century,and have seen and been gladdened by its growth. I am glad that you are here to-day and may you long be living, and when the day of your departure comes, be sure that it will be lamented by a grateful posterity and people. The time will soon come when the last pioneer will pass away, and at his death will pass away a people which can never again exist. Its destiny will be completed.

I have never understood exactly what was meant by the "Occasional Address," but I know this, that no speaker can make a mistake when he addresses a meeting of Oregon pioneers, to consider that an occasion for speaking a few words about Dr. John McLoughlin. I regret I never knew him. But I know him as the son and the grandson of pioneers and by the consensus of opinions of the pioneers. To know him was a privilege. To be his friend was to be learned in the greatest of all qualities—the quality of humanity. He was great, not only for what he did, but for what he did not do. Possessed of almost absolute power in Oregon and the Pacific Northwest, had he followed what was considered the best, the only interests of the Hudson's Bay Company and of England, as relating to Oregon, the earliest pioneers, or the greater part of them, must have perished or been forced to return, if that was possible, to the places in the Eastern states from which they came. But he succored the perishing, fed the starving and furnished the needy with cattle and seed to begin life in Oregon. It was not charity—it was humanity. His heart was greater then mercenary interests—his soul greater than a company's or a nation's policy. Policies were naught to him when opposed to humanity. It is to the shame of some of the early settlers in Oregon, not true pioneers, that they did not repay the loans of cattle and of seed made to them by Dr. McLoughlin—and all of his loans were made without security. Those settlers who did not repay him were camp-followers, for in every army, whether of war or progress there are camp-followers who are sometimes mistaken for the soldiers of such an army. The pio-

neers, hard pressed as they were, had camp-followers, men who in no respect can be called pioneers. And it is also true that Dr. McLoughlin's last days were embittered by ingratitude; that his generosity was misunderstood and misrepresented.

But the great mass of pioneers not only returned his loans at convenient times, but they and their descendants hold, and will forever hold, his memory in most grateful remembrance. The pioneers could not repay Dr. McLoughlin by the returning of so many measures of wheat or so many cattle. It could not be repaid. I would be lacking in my duty, if I did not thus speak in praise of the kindness of Dr. McLoughlin to the early pioneers.

When Oregon has grown a little older, when it gets beyond a certain period of money-making and reaches the period of monument-making, I trust, I know that a grand monument will be erected to the memory of Dr. McLoughlin. The next new county in Oregon, should be named for him. It is true his greatest monument now exists—the constant memory of the grateful pioneers and their descendants. But the memory of this noble man should never be suffered to be dimmed, nor should remotest generations of Oregonians be permitted even a chance to forget him and his good deeds.

When such a monument is erected, let it be of grand proportions; let it be crowned with his statue in bronze of heroic size. Let there be engraved on this monument besides his name the word, in great letters, "HUMANITY;" let it also be inscribed that he was a man and a brother; that he was a modern Abou Ben Adhem, and the Oregon's pioneers' Good Samaritan. And fathers and mothers, descendants of pioneers, to the remotest generation, will bring their children and their children's children to the base of the monument, and with loving hearts, tell over and over again the old, old story of the humanity, the kindness and generosity of the Oregon pioneers' earliest, best and greatest friend—DR. JOHN MCLOUGHLIN.

WOMAN'S PART IN THE DRAMA OF THE NORTHWEST

BY EVA EMERY DYE, A. M., OREGON CITY, OREGON

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

Sarah, the princess, accompanied Abraham with his flocks and herds to Canaan in the first recorded migration. The Phoenician Queen Dido fled from Tyre across the western sea to found a Carthage. Bertha, the Queen of Helvetia, accompanied her people on their Gallic march spinning as she rode on her palfrey. Tacitus gives us glimpses of German women in rude carts rolling over the plains of virgin Europe two thousand years ago. Our own chronicles picture Rose Standish and Priscilla wafted westward on the Mayflower. In the memory of our grandmothers the ox-team broke the wilds of Ohio. Yesterday the greatest span of all engirdled the world when women of sunny hair and Saxon beauty scaled the Rocky Mountains.

And were there no women in this land west of the Rockies? Let the dusky daughters of the Pacific answer; the Atnah mothers of the north who hung themselves to escape unceasing toil; the Clatsop girls who hid themselves when the women-stealers came in the first white whale-ships — the mothers of the Sacramento who patiently ground their acorns age on age. Little of joy came to the savage women of this coast—toil was their portion, toil in one unceasing round—while their lazy lords rode to the hunt or slept in the shade.

Then came the fur-hunters, the harbingers of change. They took to themselves wives, the daughters of chiefs, state alliances to facilitate peace, good-will and commerce. The fur-hunter's bride, the squaw that whilom dug the camas and dressed the elk,

became a diplomat. She it was that arbitrated between the races. She it was that looked to the fortunes of her new lord and brought him prestige among the tribes. The Hudson's Bay Company in Oregon was founded as much on the fealty of Indian wives as on the guns of forts.

When Astor's men made their first venture on the coast, McDougal wooed and wedded the daughter of Concomly. A dozen years later, Dr. John McLoughlin ruled as czar all the territory from Alaska to California. On all the streams he sent his Canadian voyageurs; through all the woods he dispatched his trappers and traders, in and out of the fringing northwest islands to Sitka itself his schooners plied, down through the San Joaquin and Tulare's reedy valley his hunters set their traps, far over into the Shoshonie Country, on Salt Lake's borders and on the Yellowstone his brigades pitched their tents, and everywhere the key that unlocked the savage heart was an Indian wife.

In the Flathead country McLoughlin's chief lieutenant, Peter Skeen Ogden, had married an Indian princess.

"She's not so beautiful as some," Ogden used to say, "but I tell you she's a goddess." By blood and by marriage Princess Julia was related to every important chief of the northwest, making it safe for her husband to travel where no one else would dare to go. Did he venture among the thieving Snakes—"Princess Julia is our cousin. Let us made a feast." Did the warlike Crows come dashing down like a Scythian horde on some defenseless camp in the Utah country and Julia ran out—"Ah, it is you, my sister, that is camped here? Let your horses graze. We will not trouble them," and the feathered chiefs passed like a whirlwind. Ogden's Indian wife sat in the Flathead council—she ruled the council; with the tact of a statesman she adjusted the diferences of trade. An unconscious Pocahontas, time and again she saved the chief factor from the machinations of his foes. Stories of her heroism handed down by tradition sound like bits of fairy tales. Many a time she kept the Indians from

going to trade with a rival camp. "Bring your furs to me," she said. Such was the Indian wife.

Over at old Astoria an Aberdeen Scotchman ruled as sub-king of Chinook and Clatsop. Down on the Umpqua an adventurous Frenchman held baronial sway. Jules Gagnier was the son of an honorable and wealthy family in Montreal. In vain they made efforts to reclaim him from his wanderings and his Indian wife. Summer and winter the jolly, genial Frenchman traded with his red friends and gathered in the furs.

Thus through their matrimonial alliances these first daring white men imperceptibly drew from Indian grasp the dominion that was never to be returned. Up and down the streams their canoes flew singing at sunrise, bearing their crews of red and white and their mixed offspring. The fire-sparkles danced at night over chimneys where half-white Indians danced to the Frenchman's fiddle and half-Indian white men initiated their brethren into the forms of civilized society.

"Very fortunate," Jason Lee used to say, "very fortunate, indeed, are these happy-go-lucky voyageurs in finding such capable women to make them homes," and the Canadians themselves would have told you their Indian helpmates were worth "half a dozen civilized wives."

Indian women whose mothers had packed teepees and dug camas, women who had passed their infancy strapped on baby-boards, now scrubbed their little cabins in the French-Indian settlement, they set forth the snowy deal table loaded with hospitality, and managed the garden and dairy as well as any thrifty frau among the Germans. They raised poultry and tanned robes and braided baskets. For their Canadian husbands they deemed no sacrifice too great; for their children they filled the last measure of devotion. I myself have visited such homes and can speak only with respect and admiration of the tact and adaptability of the Indian wife. Her butter was golden and her bread was white and in needle-work she found a never failing source of

artistic pleasure. Even among the unmixed Indians the squaws were first to imitate the white man's kitchen garden, and in times of trial on the Walla Walla, the red chiefs said of the traders, "They are our brothers; they are married to Indian women; they bury their dead alongside of ours. Let us accede to their wishes."

But one day a ship came sailing into the mouth of the Columbia bearing the wives and daughters of the missionaries. Two women came riding over the Rocky mountains, Berthas on palfreys, unconscious spinners in the web and woof of history. When Mrs. Browning said—"The world's male chivalry has perished out, but woman is knight-errant to the last," could she have known that two brides and their grooms were riding even then to the knightliest feat of all?

We cannot say it sounds like a tale of old romance, this coming of the Whitmans and Spaldings across the Rockies, for old romance knew no such chivalry. The world to-day does kinglier deeds than the old time dreamed of. What did the old apostles know of romance? They found women crushed and downtrodden. The fathers of the early church, the monks and hermits and palmers looked askance at women as daughters of Eve, beguilers and deceivers. Unfolding from the work of those sainted apostles has come the woman of to-day. Now our Loyolas and Augustines go forth accompanied by their wives. Women dare the jungle and stem the torrent to reach their sister women. Among the first of this new order of missions were those of the Pacific coast. Not more memorable was the sailing of the Judsons to Burmah, not even so momentous were the results to the human race, for the coming of two women across the Rocky mountains unlocked the gate of American occupation.

Joan of Arc saved France and crowned her king. Narcissa Whitman and Mrs Spalding, the first white women that crossed the Rocky mountains, proved that women could endure the journey. They broke the way for all that followed, they made occupation possible. Now with our flag floating over an added

empire, it is safe to say that women are better than fur-hunters to make a conquest and homes are better than forts.

The first white women that came to this coast came as missionaries. Has the fact not hallowed this half of our country as the mission of the Mayflower hallowed New England? Who shall not say that stronger sons and braver daughters have grown up here for that fact? The first settlers of a territory determine its character. Though the greed for gold brought in hordes of mere fortune-seekers, though cities sprung like magic and Aladdin's tale was surpassed, yet like a seed-germ rocked in the cradle of the Oregon missions lay the schools and colleges, the culture and the virtue of to-day. Not one good deed was ever lost. It has been argued that Indian missions did no good in Oregon. Can any one read history so superficially?

Aside from the great fact of American conquest as a result of their effort, aside from the fact of schools ready built for incoming settlers, we have their positive impress upon the Indians to this day.

In the upper country where Whitman and Spalding located, the Indians that learned to read and write continued to do so to the end of their lives. Long after Whitman's death his Indians went out as he had taught them to do and built their bonfires on the hills to guide the immigrants in; for years they rung the Sabbath hand-bell and kept up their forms of worship, so that when civilization did come they were readier to enter into churches and communities. As a result of Spalding's teaching the Nez Perces ever remained loyal to the American government, and when treaties needed to be drawn up, those very Nez Perces, educated in Mrs. Spalding's school, were the only ones competent to treat for their people and draw them into a peaceable compact.

Those early missionaries were the leaven of this coast in morals, in education, in government, in progress, in patriotism. They broke the road to Oregon, they brought the first wagon, established the first American settlement, organized the first govern-

ment, brought the first printing-press, published the first newspaper, compiled the first history, founded the first schools, brought in the first libraries, and carried over to the Columbia the spirit that founded the colonies of New England. During the chaotic years when California was the battle-ground of ruffians and vigilantes, the Willamette valley was the Pacific depository of law, order and education.

Wherever a missionary set his foot accompanied by his wife, a home was founded, a school established, a college begun. Willamette and Pacific Universities, and Whitman college—there they stand in the borders of the old Oregon as monuments to the joint effort of consecrated men and women. Even the old Spalding mission at Lapwai survives in care of the Macbeth sisters, whose work among the Indians is second only to that of the Spaldings themselves. Women rather than men saw the first solution of the Indian problem, and women on that subject are knights-errant still. As Harriet Beecher Stowe loosened the age-rivetted shackles of the negro, so Helen Hunt Jackson unveiled the humanity of the Indian. But if woman as a missionary laid foundations, woman as a martyr completed the conquest. "If you feel it your duty to go, go, for I did not marry you to hinder but to help in your work," said the bride of Jason Lee as he left her and set out overland to the states bearing a memorial to Congress asking for a United States government for Oregon. He never saw that bride again. Before the beloved one had reached the states, she lay in the grave with a babe on her bosom. "Stay just as long as it is necessary to accomplish all your heart's desire respecting the interests of this country, so dear to us both—our home," said Narcissa Whitman when three years later her husband set out on that famous ride that has become a part of our nation's history. Lost in the lonely mountain snows of that terrible winter, how the lion-heart sank to earth and prayed for her and his country.

Oh, those missionary wives had the hearts of Spartan women; they sent their loved ones forth to unknown dangers in the cause of Christ and country, bidding them, like the woman of old, to

return "with their shield or upon it." And with nobler sacrifice than ever entered the heart of ancient ascetic their apostolic husbands kissed them farewell at the call of duty. Out of these missionary annals the Shakespeare of the future shall carve a drama that for life-like statuary and living devotion shall rank with only lesser glory with the one drama of the world, the crucifixion. As Christ died for the world, so they died for Oregon.

While this handful of missionaries on the coast were making almost superhuman endeavor to awaken the country to the value of Oregon, a reciprocal movement was on foot east of the mountains. In its inception and result we have a distinguished example of God's overruling providence in the affairs of this nation. The financial stringency of 1837 and succeeding years had set the nation in a ferment. Banks were breaking, business houses were insolvent, mills shut down and the unemployed masses were looking for a laborer's paradise. Eagerly they caught up news of that evergreen land beside the distant ocean. What Bellamy's scheme is now, that Oregon was to the discontents of 1842. All the hardships, all the toils and dangers of savage foe and untried mountain loomed up to terrify, but the wives said: "Go." Woman's faith, like her intuition, leaps all barriers.

Year after year, seven years the annual procession was on the plains before the magic cry of gold let loose the host of fortune seekers. When the stony mountains looked down like the Alps on Hannibal's army; when the pitiless sands scorched the oxen's feet and the wagons fell to pieces; when men sank with fatigue and despair, a giant of courage rose in the heart of the faithful wife. She drove the team, she bathed the fevered brow; like a skilful general she covered the flying retreat before pursuing famine. It is the universal testimony that for quiet endurance the pioneer mothers surpassed the men.

Flying now westward in our Pullman palace car through Utah and Nevada, we catch glimpses of that old immigrant road, a road that was lined with graves and wet with blood and tears. Who can guess what scenes were enacted there? What light feet

danced on the velvety plains of the Platte; what war-whoops sounded on the Snake, what courtships and weddings, what births and deaths occurred on the route across the plains! What a land they found when the last barrier was passed, what homes to be hewn out of the forest! Undaunted men and women came to save an empire from foreign grasp—savages retreated, mills broke up the beaver dam, the plow destroyed the camas-meadow.

When the cry of massacre startled the Oregon world, woman's patriotism made the flag and stitched on the stars; woman's ingenuity tore up the last sheets for shirts and sent the little colonial army equipped to the fields; woman's forethought dispatched succor to the front and the soldier-boys' sweethearts sent the magic watchword, "Be brave volunteers, fight for your country, we'll hold your claims till the war is over."

When the gold upheaval called all the Oregon men to California, their wives remained to tend the farms and keep the children. Their slender hands barricaded the doors and armed for the savage. Their courageous industry kept alive the schools and shops and the sheltering hearth-fires. It was Oregon's Amazonian age but the Amazons were quiet, patient Christian women. They never dreamed of being heroes, they only tried to do their duty. The deeds of the pioneer mothers are passing into oblivion like the deeds of the German women of old, like the heart histories of the pilgrims of the Mayflower, but the sweet incense of their unselfish lives breathes in our homes and in our social amenities; their example lives in their sons and daughters.

Sisters of the Golden Gate, Oregon was the link that bound you to the Union. An Oregon pioneer discovered your gold; the possession of Oregon made Columbia dare to reach for California. Oregon opened her first window to the western sea and you opened the door. And what part in all this a few brave women have had is still unwritten history. Let their daughters in this historic Congress rise up to do them honor.

JAMES DUVAL HOLMAN

James Duval Holman was born in August 18, 1814, on his father's farm in Woodford county, Kentucky. He was of the Holman family so well known in the southern and middle States. His mother was a Duval of Huguenot descent, a family of equal position with the Holmans in the South. Of Mr. Holman's great-grand parents, three came from Virginia and one from North Carolina, His parents were John and Betsey L. Holman, who were married in October, 1810. In 1817 they moved to Tennessee, where they resided for nine years, when they moved to Clay county, Missouri. His mother died in 1841, and his father came to Oregon in the immigration of 1843. In August, 1840, James D. Holman married Rachel Hixson Summers, of Fleming county, Kentucky, who survives him, and now (1895), is living at Portland. Her family is well known in Kentucky, and is closely related to other old families of that State. She was born February 27, 1823, in Fleming county, Kentucky, and in 1840 accompanied her father, Thomas Summers, on a trip to western Missouri. While there she met Mr. Holman and they were married.

Soon after he reached manhood Mr. Holman engaged in mercantile business. During that period the large number of Mormons in this section of Missouri caused great trouble, and partly by reason of his opposition to them and the active measures against them, in which he was a participant, he failed in business in 1845. His failure, too, was caused in part by the bankruptcy of a large number of his debtors. He refused to avail himself of bankruptcy or insolvency laws, and after he came to Oregon, and as soon as he was able to do so, he voluntarily repaid, with accrued interest, all his debts and obligations contracted before his business in Missouri failed.

In 1846, Mr. Holman, with his wife and two children came to

Oregon across the plains in the immigration of that year. They left Independence, Missouri, in the spring and arrived at Oregon City, October 5, 1846. It is unnecessary to recount their hardships and privations, and their encounters with Indians. All old residents of Oregon know what the immigrations of the '40's endured. It is a part of the heroic history of Oregon.

On their arrival, Mr. Holman and his family stayed for a short time in Oregon City, but soon after they settled on a piece of land in Clackamas county, near Oregon City, where they lived until 1848. At that time news was brought by a sailing vessel of the discovery of gold in California. Mr. Holman took his family to Oregon City, and with others, organized a party to go overland to California and seek for gold. This party were the first overland Argonauts to arrive in California after the discovery of gold there. Mr. Holman was very successful in mining. After some months working of placers on the American and the Feather rivers, he determined to return to Oregon. General Sutter becoming acquainted with Mr. Holman made him an offer to take charge of all of Sutter's property, but Mr. Holman declined and recommended his old-time friend, Peter Burnett, afterwards governor of California, who accepted the trust, and thus laid the foundation of his large fortune.

In 1849 Mr. Holman returned to Oregon by way of San Francisco where he purchased a large stock of merchandise. He opened a store at Oregon City, and his business, which was directed with energy and intelligence, prospered. He engaged in various enterprises calculated to advance the interests of his town. He was active in raising money to build a dam to increase the depth of the water in the Willamette river below the mouth of the Clackamas. Among his papers at his death was found a deed of the ferry at Oregon City, for which he paid $14,000. In 1849 he was elected a member of the first territorial legislature of Oregon, and was chairman of the committee on engrossed bills of that body as well as a member of the committee on ways and means.

In 1850, having acquired considerable money from his business and foreseeing that the commercial city of the northwest must be on the tide-water and not at Oregon City, and believing that such a place would be at the mouth of the Columbia river, he bought from Dr. Elijah White a large interest in the townsite saw-mill and other improvements at Pacific City on Baker's Bay, at the mouth of the Columbia. In that year he moved to Pacific City with his family and took up a donation claim adjoining Pacific City by purchasing the possessory rights of the first occupant.

For a time Pacific City gave promise of being the principal city of the northwest. A number of buildings were erected there and a large amount of capital was invested in the place; but by the jealousy of rival towns, the whole townsite was taken by the United States government as a military reservation after expensive improvements had been made by Mr. Holman and others Pacific City, thereupon, went down and finally was blotted out of existence. Mr. Holman had invested all his capital there. Among his other investments he had bought a large hotel, which entirely filled a ship. This building, shipped, of course, in "knock down" state, was sent from New York already to be put together. Mr. Holman bought and erected this hotel at Pacific City at a total cost of $28,000. This, with the other improvements and the townsite, was taken by the government in 1852, and it was not until 1879 that the government paid him for the hotel building. For the other improvements and for the townsite the government has never paid.

On the failure of Pacific City, Mr. Holman was compelled to move on his donation claim, and to live there for four years to secure it as provided by the donation law. He perfected his right to this claim and it now belongs to his widow. On this land is situated the present town of Ilwaco. In 1857, he and his family moved to Portland, where he resided and engaged in business until his death in 1882.

In 1858 he was elected one of the three directors of the Portland public schools, and was annually elected for four successive

terms. He was a strong advocate of the high school system of education, and although he was opposed in his views by others while in office, he had the satisfaction some years before his death of seeing his ideas carried out, and the Portland public schools brought to their present high standard.

In 1872 he started the town of Ilwaco on his donation claim on Baker's Bay. This town has grown, and at this time Ilwaco and its suburbs and surroundings comprise the principal watering place of the Northwest.

In his youth Mr. Holman joined the Baptist Church, but the close communion of that religious body not being in accordance with his ideas he finally became a Presbyterian. He assisted in the organization of the First Presbyterian Church at Portland in 1860, and was one of the elders of that church from early in its organization until the time of his death, being then the senior elder. In 1881 he caused to be erected at Ilwaco, on a very sightly knoll, near his own summer cottages, a tasteful chapel. He joined the Ancient Order of Free and Accepted Masons in 1850 being initiated at Oregon City in the first lodge of that order founded in Oregon. He remained an affiliating member until his death.

Politically, he was a whig until the breaking up of that party. He then became a democrat and remained such, steadfast through all its dark times and troubles, until the end of his life. Through the Civil war he assisted in keeping his party together at great personal cost to himself; for he was not a man to swerve from his principles for personal gain, convenience or popularity.

The hardships and exposures of his pioneer life had told on his naturally strong constitution and repeated attacks of inflammatory rheumatism brought on Bright's disease, which was the immediate cause of his death. He died December 21, 1882.

Of his children, he left surviving him two sons, Frederick V. and George F. Holman, both members of the Oregon bar, and two daughters, Frances A. and Kate S., who still live with their mother at Portland.

Of his wife, it should be said, that in coming to Oregon she willingly sacrificed everything except her love for her husband and her children. She was in all respects truly his helpmate. By her buoyant disposition she aided her husband in making financial losses an incentive to new effort and reverses were robbed of bitterness by her sympathy and encouragement. There never was a better, braver or nobler woman, nor a truer, more devoted, or helpful wife. She is one of Oregon's noble pioneer women.

Mr. Holman's business affairs were for many years interrupted and interfered with by the long sickness and death of several of his children. He educated all his children and bore his privations and losses on their behalf willingly, as sacrifices on the altars of love and duty. In every domestic relation he was ever a true and very tender man.

Mr. Holman was a pioneer of the hightest type. He was in every way honest and honorable—as exemplary man and a model citizen. He was a man of deep religious convictions and devoted to his family and his friends. He was charitable in the truest sense of the word.

Personally, he was brave almost to recklessness; he was temperate, untiring, energetic and far-seeing. He never despaired, never let circumstances conquer him, never sat idle bewailing his luck or his fate. He had the enterprise and the daring in business, which is so essential for the well being of new communities. Had he possessed less of these qualities he might have, by the process of accumulation and the accident of his location, acquired great wealth. Had not his whole fortune been tied up in his Pacific City enterprise, or had the government paid him in 1852, as it should have done, instead of deferring the payment for twenty-seven years, thereafter, he would undoubtly have made a vast fortune at Portland. As it was he died possessed of property, the income of which was sufficient for the support of himself and family.

Mr. Holman was a leader in that army of state builders—the

immigrants—not a camp-follower who lived on, nor a sutler who grew rich from, the needs of such an army. It was such men as he who cut out the way to Oregon and made it possible for later comers to be successful. He was one of the men who helped lay strong and solid the foundations of the state of Oregon. The active part he took in public affairs did not take the form of office-holding, but he was one who quietly but effectually assisted in making and moulding public sentiment and in promoting the welfare of the whole community. He is one of the men justly entitled to be remembered—one whose life is an essential part of the history of the people of Oregon.

D. H. McCLURE

BY E. E. MC CLURE.

Denny Hogue McClure was the youngest of ten children. His father, Denny McClure, and mother, Margaret Gilles, were born at or near, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. They went to Washington county where the elder McClure was a teacher for many years. Here Denny Hogue was born August 23d, 1815. He was named for his father and his uncle, John Hoge, as the name was spelled then. About 1817 his father removed to his farm, twenty miles from Washington, on the state line of Virginia, sixteen miles from Wheeling.

At that time the country was a wilderness. Here, when he was six years old, his mother died, and in 1833 his father died at the age of 70. The McClures were of Scotch-Irish stock, and were among the earliest settlers in western Pennsylvania, a brother of Denny's, John, having settled above Fort Pitt where the Homestead Ironworks now are. Judge Francis McClure was one of the judges who tried the first murder case in that part of Pennsylvania, and Judge William B. McClure was the first judge elected in Allegheny county. The first mayor of Pittsburg, Major Ebenezer Denny, was also related to the family.

At the death of his father young McClure was employed at his trade, carpenter, with his elder brother William, in the city of Pittsburg. From 1835 to 1839 he was employed at his trade through different parts of Ohio. In 1839 he visited his brothers at Wheeling and New Martinsville, Va., and returned to Ohio, where he was married, January 6th, 1841, at Hoskinsville, Morgan county, to Miss Pernina Colget Parrish, daughter of Rev. Edward E. Parrish. The same spring he moved to New Martinsville, Tyler county, Va., where he lived three years, returning to Hoskinsville, in 1844.

That summer business called him to Pittsburg after the great fire of that year. There he had the misfortune to lose his summer's work by fire.

The first of the year 1851 found him still at Hoskinsville badly affected by the "Oregon fever." In February with his wife and four children he went to Beverly on the Muskingdom, whence, April 3d, he boarded the Steamer "Viroqua" for Oregon, taking later, the "Oriental" and "Ben West" for Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri river points. After struggling for two weeks with "sandbars," "sawyers," etc., the party known as the "Ohio Company" reached Weston, Mo., where they purchased their outfit for "crossing the plains." Here he found his brother William in the hotel business and on May 3d bade adieu to the last member of his father's family he was permitted to see on earth.

The company crossed the Missouri at Fort Leavenworth, May 3d, and on the 5th were in motion with the ox-teams and prairie schooners bound for Oregon.

The company had 18 wagons and was well supplied with everything necessary. Among others of the company may be mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Presley George, parents of the late Jesse W. George of Seattle and Hon. M. C. George of Portland; Victor Trevitt, and Quincy A. Brooks.

After reaching Barlow's gate Mrs. McClure was taken sick and the family returned to The Dalles and took flat-boats for Cascades, where they made portage, and reached Portland by bateau. They remained in camp two or three days near Stephen's house. With fresh teams they reached Parrish Gap, Marion county, September 25th, four months and twenty days from Fort Leavenworth.

The winter of 1851 Mr. McClure lived in Albany. There were living there only seven families: J. M. McConnell's, James McFarland's, Aaron Hyde's, Burkhart's, William Jones, D. H. McClure's and Parson Miller's. There were several unmarried men, of whom I recall Walter and Thomas Monteith, James H. Foster, Samuel Althouse. Dr. R. C. Hill, whose family came in 1853, was teach-

ing the first school held in the village. The same winter Miss Elizabeth Miller, since Mrs. Joe Wilson, taught a school.

Mr. McClure's first experience at his trade, was in striking contrast to anything he had seen in the east. As flour was eighteen dollars a hundred pounds and wages five to ten dollars a day he lost no time in getting some work. The first work necessary was the making of tools to work with. After securing some dogwood from the woods of Polk county, he borrowed tools enough to make such planes and other tools as he required for immediate use. With these he made others as they were needed. Of course a smith had to furnish the iron work. He earned his first money making sash for the Magnolia mills, and while doing so a gentleman from the country asked him to make doors for his house. He promised to do so in two weeks, when he had completed the sash for the mill. As the stranger was leaving he took from his purse a fifty dollar slug and offered it to the immigrant and insisted that he take it as part payment for the doors. Of course a man used to $1.25 to $1.50 per day thought this a good country to stay with.

The following June he moved his family to his donation claim of 320 acres, four miles due east from Albany.

Here he made his home until 1870 or 1871 when he located a homestead on Wiley creek, thirty miles from Albany. With the exception of a year in Portland and a similar period in Marion county, he made this his home while he lived.

He died on February 11th, 1893, and was buried at the cemetery on his homestead. His wife survives him, and of twelve children the following are living: E. E. McClure, Portland; Dr. J. W., Silverton; Mrs. S. J. Crouder, Walla Walla; Andrew J., Sweet Home, Linn county; Harry, Harney City; Robert, Salem.

D. H. McClure was an excellent mechanic. He and the late Jeremiah Driggs of Seattle were the builders of the first Linn county court house, erected in 1853.

Like most of the early Oregon pioneers he was a law-abiding citizen, honorable in the highest degree, and a thoroughly honest man.

ROBERT WILSON MORRISON.

BY JOHN MINTO

On the 15th of May, 1894, just entering on the 84th year of his age, Captain Robert Wilson Morrison died on the home farm, taken by him in 1845, in Clatsop country, some twelve miles west of Astoria. He was a son of a pioneer settler of Kentucky, born in Fleming county of that state, March, 1811, and was there married to Miss Nancy Irwin in 1831, moving into Missouri in 1833. He was a conscientous pioneer home builder, and had a just pride in his life as such, a conscientous, upright, fearless gentleman; thoroughly trustworthy in every relation to others; and ready at all times to give his services to his fellow citizens to the full measure of his abilities; which, for the peculiar work of a pioneer, crossing the plains and mountains to help to make good the title of the United States to Oregon, by making his home here in 1844, he was equipped by nature in a degree above the average of his fellows. Having fortunately, for myself, in company with the Hon. Willard H. Rees, joined Mr. Morrison as an assistant in his proposed trip to Oregon, the writer had ample opportunity to weigh and observe his character. He had just sold an excellent farm in Andrew county, Mo., and was putting the price of it into an outfit for emigrating to and settlement in Oregon, when we joined him on the following conditions, verbally stated by him and accepted by us. Mr. Morrison said, "I will haul your trunks, board you, have your washing and mending done, and you shall give me your help in getting my family and effects to Oregon in the way I judge best." He proceeded, "I don't think the work will be hard or confining, as there will be three men of us, and three of my children are large enough to be of some help in driving the loose stock, I will have but two wagons, so that one of us can hunt every day if we like. I have four guns and suitable ammunition.

We assented to the conditions and he took us in to breakfast. Immediately after eating he requested Mr. Rees to mount a horse, which he himself had saddled, and giving him some gold coin, requested him to ride to "Rubadeau's Landing" (now the city of St. Joseph, Mo.), and purchase nine barrels of flour and 300 pounds of corn meal for our journey. Thus a bargain was made in a few minutes which required more than a year to complete and a trust of money and property placed in the hands of an utter stranger, in a manner illustrative of the trustworthy character of Mr. Morrison himself. The action, however, did not escape the notice of Mrs. Morrison, who a few moments after Rees' departure came to the cabin door and remarked, "Wilson, you'd feel mighty queer if that man should play you a Yankee trick and go off with your horse and money." The thought had evidently not occurred to Mr. Morrison as it was some time before he replied, "Well, if he does, he'd better not let me overtake him; that's all I've got to say." The lady laughed and returned to her housework. That night the family entertained, on a visit of friendship and farewell, the sheriff of the county together with his wife and daughter, and from the day we joined the family until we crossed and left the Missouri river there was a continuous stream of visitors from neighbors, friends and family connections. As preliminary to starting, the services of three resident citizens were enlisted to make examinations into the sufficiency of provision made by each head of a family for the journey which was estimated to require at least six months of time. The writer was busy about the wagon which was loaded with provisions chiefly, when this committee came to the front of it, and the member who seemed to be the head of it remarked, "Well, gentlemen, I don't think it is worth our while to meddle with these wagons; for if he is not amply provided for the journey, not one of them ought to start." The committee made no examination into the lading of these wagons. On the Sunday preceding this incident—the last day the family spent in their Missouri home—the visitors were numerous and largely of kinfolks. After dinner the older men formed a group and were talking over the nature of the journey, the tribes of Indians to be passed and the reported

number of those to be settled amongst, when Judge Irwin (Mrs. Morrison's oldest brother, in evident sympathy with her feeling against the great and to them unnecessary venture), said, addressing Morrison, "Well, Wilson, why are ye going, anyhow?" Mr. Morrison's reply was very deliberate and (as I recollect) as follows: "Well, I allow the United States government has the best right to that country, and I am going to help make that right good. And I suppose it is true, as you say, that there are a great many Indians there who will have to be civilized, and though I am no missionary, I have no objection to helping in that. Then I am not satisfied here; there are few things that we can raise here that will pay for shipment to market; tobacco and hemp are about all, and unless a man keeps niggers (and I won't) he has no even chance with the man who owns slaves. There's Dick Owen, my near neighbor, has a few house slaves and a few field hands; they raise and make about all his family eats and wears and a surplus besides, which he can sell or hold over if the market is low. I have to sell every thing I can spare every year, to make ends meet. I'm going to Oregon where there'll be no slaves and we'll all start even." Such was Mr. Morrison's declaration of purpose and the reasons given for it. It was received in silence and reflected upon some time before conversation was resumed. No attempt was made to dissuade him. They all seemed to know him as a man of few words, but of steadfast purpose and determined action. He was just entering his 34th year, stood fully six feet high, carried no surplus flesh, but was a strong man. In movement he leaned slighly forward, the result of habit in carrying a heavy gun and close observation to the wood. He was a good hunter and excellent chopper. He was also a good judge of livestock and was especially fond of a good horse. In completing his preparations for the journey to Oregon, he went to great pains and cost to start with only the best to be had of oxen for teams, cows and brood mares. His family of children when he left Missouri were six in number, three girls and three boys. His wife had no equal in General Gilliam's companies except it might be Mrs. Sally Shaw (a sister of Gilliam's) in capacity to manage her own affairs and render needed assistance to the sick,

the destitute, or those otherwise distressed. In addition to what was deemed ample provision of food for the journey and clothing necessary, Mr. Morrison had the irons of a plow, some field and garden seeds, a flax wheel, the spindle and sheaves of a wool wheel, the sleighs and shuttle for a loom and a supply of wool and dressed flax and flax seed. In a word the outfit was as complete for the re-establishment in Oregon of the self-dependent life they were leaving in Missouri as careful forethought and abundant means enabled this worthy couple to crowd into two large wagons.

Shortly after leaving the Missouri river a military organization was affected at which Cornelius Gilliam was chosen General, M. T. Simmons, Colonel; R. W. Morrison, Wm. Shaw (Gilliam's brother-in-law) A. Saunders and R. Woodcock were chosen captains in the order named. Amongst the officers thus elected, the plan of movement agreed upon was that Morrison's steady team should always set the pace, and he himself should limit the day's movement by selecting the camping places. This placed him generally several miles in advance of the moving train, and in consequence, in the most exposed position. This arrangement only lasted until the trains reached the buffalo range on the main Platte, where General Gilliam (who was an ardent hunter) lost his head and gave opportunity for discontent, with his dilatory orders to manifest itself, with the result of his resigning all control over the trains, after which such generalship as we had was exercised by the combined minds of Captains Morrison and Shaw, who kept their companies within supporting distance of each other and maintained discipline and guard as long as it was deemed necessary. Many good and brave leaders in addition to General Gilliam have failed to meet the requirements of commanders in crossing those plains, but Morrison and Shaw of the movement of 1844 maintained their position and did all that courage and patience combined could do, to get their followers and their property to Oregon. Only one little trouble with the Indians occurred east of the Rockies, when some hungry Sacs and Foxs drove out in the night some six or eight head of cattle. Captain Morrison was the foremost on the trail next morning,

but six of the beeves had been slain before they were overtaken; the Indians fled to the reservation. The agent and chief compromised the raid by replacing the slain cattle with six of the choicest the U. S. Government had but recently purchased for the Indians. Under the guidance of these two natural captains, the people and property got to the west side of the Blue mountains without loss. On the Umatilla, Morrison's most highly prized mare was stolen from within a few feet of his hand while he slept in his wagon, by the Cayuse Indians, and the same Indians it was believed, followed the trains to The Dalles and took the next best horse—a choice gelding of racing stock. The emigrant trail from the Blue mountains to The Dalles was literally lined with Indian thieves. Especially was this so at the fords of the John Day and Deschutes rivers. The villages here were largely populated by renegades from surrounding tribes, gamblers and thieves, and it required constant vigilance to guard against their driving off stock and pilfering clothing from the wagons. At the John Day, one of the oxen received from the Sacs and Fox Indians was driven off. Captain Morrison attempted to recover it by following the trail; and while so following it several miles from camp, two Indians on horseback came to him; and after fruitlessly trying to confuse and delay him by signs one of them leant forward and adroitly took his knife from its sheath on his hip. He had no other weapon and could not even find a rock to throw at them. At the Deschutes the pillaging was done in a systematic manner, by collusion between the Indian guides who extorted all they could for showing the ford, so delaying the movement of the people in crossing as to give opportunity to the pilferers stationed amongst the broken sandhills between the ford and the great hill, to ascend which required the doubling of the wayworn teams. It was while Captain Morrison was detained at the river settling with the extortionate guide, that a mounted Indian attempted to turn the leaders of the team which Mrs. Morrison was driving, so as to turn the wagon over and so create an opportunity for theft. She made him desist by thrashing him with the whip, and when he attempted to ride her down, she redoubled her blows and put him to flight. This was a great indignity to even an Indian

thief and this one and his friends followed the teams to their camping place seeking an opportunity of revenge and were driven from there by Captain Morrison and Rees resorting to their rifles. Through this gauntlet of thieving the trains reached The Dalles. "But there is still the river trail, or the Cascade range to scale" before rest from the weary journey can be attained.

Capt. Morrison detailed Mr. Rees with others for the attempt to get the cattle across the range via the only trail then used which passed the north base of Mt. Hood, but the rains had set in at Oregon City on the 18th of October, and had fallen so copiously, that the Willamette rose by the first of December, higher than it has been since except once. This meant snow on the summit of the Cascades; and the cattle were only urged to the head of Hood river, till they were scattered to the hemlock thickets for shelter from a furious storm. The drivers made their way out of it by following the stream down to the Columbia river.

Captain Morrison, who had got his family into a boat, was decending the river, and seeing the campfire of the party on the bank, hailed them and of course landed to learned the cause of failure. He exchanged places with Rees, called for volunteers and made his way to the cattle, extricated all that had not perished by eating laurel, and drove them back to The Dalles, where they recruited very rapidly during the winter, and whence the writer drove them the next March, via the river trail to the Washougal bottoms; and whence they were driven the succeeding summer through the lower Willamette valley across the Coast range to Tillamook, and thence along the coast to Clatsop plains. This episode of extricating the cattle from the snow was the most trying short experience Captain Morrison had, as the live stock of others as well as his own were in great danger of being utterly lost. Then for food the party had to kill the only dog they had to save themselves; they being temporarily separated from the cattle by the swollen river occasioned by an unusually warm "Chinook" wind suddenly melting the fresh fallen snow.

He always spoke very highly of the kind treatment received

from Rev. A. F. Waller, the Methodist missionary at The Dalles. This was so different from the total ignoring of myself and party when in company with S. B. Crockett, Daniel Clark and three others we arrived at the mission on the second Sunday of October, that I have since surmised two reasons for that difference. First, we arrived at the mission at the very hour Father Waller was teaching the Indians to regard Sunday as a holy day. Second, courage and devotion to others made R. W. Morrison and A. F. Waller brothers in aims—the latter deeming himself a soldier for Christ, while the service of the other was to humanity. Waller had to abandon the Dalles mission for lack of support by those who placed him there. Captain Morrison subsequently during the Indian war, refused to be left to guard Fort Wascopam at The Dalles, with a pitiful force of six men. This was the only time, I believe, he ever showed impatience. He always felt revengeful toward the Indians along the Columbia, the Cayuses included, and when they murdered Dr. Whitman and others in 1847 he dropped his own affairs immediately, took down his gun (the gun that furnished the first buffalo meat to Gilliam's trains, and that shot the last buffalo seen as we crossed the divide of the Rockies) and told his wife "the Indians had murdered Dr. Whitman and some twenty people; and he was going to help punish them." And he went. He had been selected as deputy sheriff under Thomas Owen the previous year (1846) and made the first arrest on the Columbia river under American law, the lawbreaker being a man named Fellows, who was trading liquor for salmon at Woody island, thereby placing in jeopardy the isolated settlers of Astoria and Clatsop plains.

Captain Morrison seems to have chosen his location under a preconceived determination to be near a highway of commerce, induced thereto by reading the journal of Lewis and Clark, which was one of the few books he had. It is believed that his chosen location covered the very spot whereon Lewis and Clark's men boiled the Pacific water to get salt. At all events, many an elk and bear has fallen by Captain Morrison's gun amongst the hills crossed by the Lewis and Clark party in the winter of 1805-6.

He was as an individual almost a complete representative of the American winners of the west shore of the United States in all except the commercial spirit for which he had no talent whatever.

The first important labor he did after getting his family located was to build a large log structure as a wolf trap. The large mountain wolf was then a destructive enemy to stock raising. His next building was for a school house and in that the first preaching to the white settlers and the first marriage ceremony after his arrival occurred. He and his noble wife gave the first land donated for church and cemetery purposes in the county. His residence became the main (it might almost be said, the common) place of entertainment of visiting strangers, as the hospitable customs of frontier life were maintained. Captain Morrison at home was a mild spoken, quite gentleman, a good listener to any stranger who called upon him who was able and willing to talk on the subject of public measures calculated to advance the development of the country—a subject which engaged his own thoughts much more than did his own private affairs. Illustrative of this, Mrs. Morrison used to enjoy telling of his action on the Brig Henery which arrived in the Columbia river for a load of supplies of food and lumber after the gold discoveries of California in 1848. The passengers and crews of such ships always came in on short rations of stale provisions, and willingly paid big prices in gold dust for fresh articles like eggs, butter and cream. The report of the arrival of this ship caused the making up of a party of the scattered settlers to board her with such food stuffs, and Mrs. Morrison charged her husband with a five gallon can of cream. He got it on board, and was relieved of it immediately by the ship's steward while he was engaged in conversation with the captain, on the great prospective advantage the people of Oregon would derive from the market these gold mines would furnish. This theme engaged both captains till the ship, with wind and tide favoring, got above Tongue Point and Morrison's company hurriedly called him to their boat to return home. Arriving there, Mrs. M. demanded an account for her cream, when in confusion he had to confess he had entirely forgotten all about it

and the can (of much more value than the contents) had gone up to Portland on the ship.

Captain Morrison made a mistake in his location as far as his own business adaptation was concerned. Stock breeding on roomy range was more to his taste than dairying, to which Clatsop plains is best adapted. When the gold discoveries made an extraordinary demand for lumber, Captain Morrison joined Gen. John Adair in the ownership of a sawmill, and subsequently built a small grist mill, but this was not congenial business. When, as another result of gold discoveries, Clatsop plains was overstocked with cattle so that the turf covering was worn through in many places, so that what had once been nice pasturage became extensive stretches of blowing sand, Mr. Morrison led the way to a local organization to arrest the affect of this destructive agency by keeping cattle off the "sea ridge" as the land nearest the beach was termed. On the other hand, the inside of these sand dunes, is a strip of lake and marsh lands. Forty years ago, Captain Morrison conceived a canal to drain these marshes and for freighting the produce of the farms to Astoria. Last winter his sons and grandsons with their neighbors, realized the canal, so as to float saw logs from the borders of Calaby lake into the Columbia. So far as the freighting of the farm produce is concerned, the railroad (an agency never thought of by Captain Morrison in his day of 50 years ago) gives daily opportunity to reach Astoria within an hour's time with produce or passengers. The living and active of to-day can feel the ground tremble under the passing train, loaded with visitors, to the beach near which this man of a past age and conditions of life, of which he was a pioneer, lays in his last rest. An inborn gentleman, owing just enough to education to enable him to note intelligently the growing results of the action he represented 50 years ago, he closed his days in quiet contemplation of his day of leadership through dangers "seen and unseen" of honest counsel;* of firm devotion to public duty, in executing the law, caring more always for the com-

*As a legislator he served as a member of the House in 1858 and was a member of the Democratic State Convention as late as 1892.

mon weal than he ever cared for his own part of it. He closed his days with great satisfaction in the fact that the realization following the consummation of his purpose for which he left his Missouri home fifty years ago, has been greater already than he and his co-workers could possibly conceive of.

He died also in the knowledge of leaving a healthy, numerous progeny to share in the result of his labors as a pioneer. In addition to the six children he had when starting to Oregon, three others were born at Clatsop plains subsequently. One only, the eldest son, died in early manhood. The others are all living and named and located as follows: Mrs. Martha A. Minto, of Salem; Mrs. Mary E. Carnahan, of Clatsop; Mrs. Hannah H. Hamlin, of Astoria; T. H. Benton Morrison, of Astoria; James F. Morrison, a resident of northern Idaho; Wm. I., Robert J. and David C., are residents of Clatsop plains where they were born. A much prized photograph—an excellent likeness—was taken the last year of this worthy man's life, showing four generations from himself, his first-born child, Mrs. M. A. Minto, her first-born child, John W. Minto, his first-born child, Mrs. Laura Irwin and her first born son, Clifton Minto Irwin.

The death of Capt. Morrison lessened by one the rapidly disappearing class of American frontier statesmen of which Abraham Lincoln was the highest type, of whose achievements its yet perhaps too early to form a complete estimate.

MR. AND MRS. HORATIO COOKE

BY ANNA R. MIDDLETON

Horatio Cooke was born in the city of Worcester, Worcestershire, England, on the 5th day of February, 1797. He died in the city of Portland, Oregon, on the 11th day of April, 1869. He was the youngest of five brothers, each one of whom, after receiving the education that was usually given at that time to boys of the middle class in England, had been trained to the occupation of their father, that of wood-turning.

He came to the United States in 1819, then twenty-two years of age. One of his fellow passengers was Miss Anna Bennett, to whom he was married in the city of New York on the 6th day of January, 1820. There were ten children born to them; of these five sons, John, Horatio, George, James W. and Vincent, and two daughters, Mary Anna and Anna Rebecca, came to manhood and womanhood. The oldest daughter, Mary Anna, was married to Reuben Thompson in Chicago, Illinois on the 14th of November, 1848. The youngest daughter, Anna R., was married to John Middleton in Portland, Oregon, on the 18th of May, 1856.

At the time of Mr. Cooke's death only one of the five had gone before him, his third son, George, having died in Portland, Oregon, December 18th, 1862.

The early part of their married life was in and near New York city, but in 1839, the first westward move was made, landing in Chicago, Illinois, where two years later their youngest son, Vincent was born.

In the spring of 1852, their sons Horatio and George started for Oregon, the plains across, landing in Portland in September of the same year, after suffering all the hardships that belonged

to the trip that season. In the spring of 1853, Mr. Cooke came to Oregon, crossing the isthmus of Panama, and during the winter of 1854 and '55, Mrs. Cooke with her sons, James W. and Vincent and her youngest daughter, Anna R. came, crossing the isthmus by the Nicaragua route, landing in Portland on the 26th day of January, 1855. The oldest son, John, never came to Oregon and Mrs. Thompson came in January, 1867.

In the fall of 1855 Mr. and Mrs. Cooke took advantage of the donation land law, securing 320 acres of land six miles west of Portland, where the timber stood so thick and close that you had to turn your head upward to see the sky. The question of that time was, what to do with the timber, as there was neither mills nor demand for lumber. The only alternative was to burn the timber; and while Mr. Cooke and his youngest son Vincent worked at this with energy, "for the other boys were at work in town to keep up the supplies for the household," he would often say, "you will live to see the time, when to have left this timber standing would make the land a fortune to you."

With the present demand for a new park for the city, those words can almost be called prophetic; for at that time it did not look as if the straggling, disorderly looking town of Portland would ever take in its present area, or its mile after mile of street improvements.

Like the majority of town bred people that took up land in those days, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke did not live long enough to see it at its present value. While as a money maker Mr. Cooke was not a success, he was a kindly, honest man, respected and honored by all; and after he had paid the debt of nature he was mourned by his widow and children as a loving and indulgent husband and father.

Anna Bennett was born in London, England in the year 1794. She was the only child of an officer in the English army, who died before her birth. Her mother died in the Isle of Wight during the terrible scourge of small-pox that visited England in

1816, leaving her child an orphan at the age of twelve years. Her mother placed as her guardian a minister of the established church, who soon after placed Anna in school, in which she remained until she was 18 years of age.

In the year 1819 she came to the United States of America, and on the 6th of January, 1820, was married to Horatio Cooke, who was one of her fellow passengers from England. The first 19 years of their married life was spent in and near New York City, and all but one of their ten children was born either in New York City or in Newark, New Jersey. Three of the children died in infancy.

In 1839, the family moved to the then almost unknown west, settling in the city of Chicago, where their youngest son, Vincent, was born in February, 1841, and their oldest daughter, Mary Anna, was married to Reuben Thompson in 1848.

In 1852, their sons, Horatio and George, came to Oregon, and were followed in the spring of 1853 by their father. During the winter of 1854 and 1855, Mrs. Cooke came to Oregon accompanied by her sons James W. and Vincent and her youngest daughter, Anna R., landing in Portland, Oregon, on the 26th of January, 1855.

In May, 1856, their youngest daughter was married to John Middleton in Portland, Oregon.

For the first three years of her life in Oregon, she suffered from home sickness more than words can tell; but we were in the same condition that most of the early settlers were in—we had spent what we had to get here and we had to stay. After that time mother got over her wish to return to the eastern states, and for many years before her death called Oregon "the garden of the world."

There were few women in Oregon at that time of stronger will power. But that will was used invariably on the right side

and against wrong; and in works of charity, there were few that excelled her,

In the fall of 1875 she received a strike of paralysis, and while she partially recovered from that stroke, she never again knew good health, and we could only feel that she was relieved of suffering when we closed her eyes in death on the 4th of January, 1881, she then being 86 years old.

REMINISCENCES

BY MRS. W. W. BUCK, OREGON CITY

Very many times I have read of the early pioneers of Oregon, but very little is said about the pioneer women. And the thought came to me very suddenly, now I will try and write my little experience of early times.

I came to Oregon in '45. Crossed the plains just as many others did, without giving it a thought of the many miles that would separate me from civilization and dear ones left behind. Each day as I traveled, the trip of seven long months were to me very pleasant in many respects, for in those early days there was very little dust, and every evening we camped on green grass as soft as our carpets, and when our fires were lighted, our faces washed, our suppers eaten, dishes washed, we all gathered around one general camp fire to talk of friends we left behind. And many times I sang the good old song, "Home, Sweet Home," and the farther I got from home the harder it was for me to sing it. We were very fortunate on our journey; there was not any sickness or deaths, one birth, and such appetites as we all had! I could eat a piece of salt fat bacon and bread just as cheerfully as I would eat chicken now. When we had traveled about three months, we met a man coming from Oregon on his way back to pilot a company through the next spring. Of course, we were all anxious to hear about the country we were bound for, and our captain said, "Doctor White, tell us about Oregon." He jumped upon the wagon tongue, and all our eyes and ears were open to catch every word. He said: "Friends, you are traveling to the garden of Eden, a land flowing with milk and honey. And just let me tell you, the clover grows wild all over Oregon, and when you wade through it, it reaches your chin." We believed every word, and for days I thought that not only our men, but our poor, tired oxen, stepped lighter for having met Dr. White. That was

the first time we had met a white person for three months. The buffalo were in droves of thousands, and our party often killed a young cow or calf for meat. That was our first taste of fresh meat. Don't you think, dear readers, that it tasted sweet? Very many times we wished for vegetables, but we were expecting by-and-by to be in a land where we could get everything, and when we arrived in Walla Walla, Dr. Whitman's Indians brought us squashes and potatoes to exchange for old clothes. Our old clothes were worn very thin, but we were very glad to part with some of them when we saw the lovely big potatoes. Didn't we have a feast? Never was nor never will there be potatoes just like those. When we came to The Dalles we traded with the Indians for salmon. I thought I never saw such beauties of fish, and began to think that Dr. White's story was true, and when we reached the Willamette valley, the clover would be ready to be harvested and our cattle would fare sumptuously all winter. We arrived in Vancouver in November and we met a Mr. McKay. He said to us, "Now I have a house on Scappoose plains, and if you would like, you can go in for the winter." We gladly accepted his offer and took up some land near his on a little creek, and built a small log house, and moved in one Sunday. Nothing but the ground for a floor, a quilt hung up for a door, and a piece of white cloth hung up for a window. We lived that way until they could split logs for a floor. You wonder what we had to eat? I will tell you. We had plenty of potatoes and fresh beef and pea coffee, morning, noon and night. I began to long for bread, and I took some wheat and ground it in a small coffee mill and made it like a johnny cake, and you never smelt anything so good as that when it was baking, but the hulls were so rough it nearly scraped the skin off my throat. That was my work for days until we could get flour. I had nothing to do but be homesick. I used to take many naps through the day, and go right back and see all the dear ones far away. There was not a newspaper or book in the country. We brought with us Robinson Crusoe and the Bible. I began to wonder what we would do for lights, and finally I had grease enough to put in a saucer, and then I tied a rag around a button, set it on fire and our happi-

ness for a few moments was complete—to think of our being able to have a light in the house. I ripped up an old dress and sewed it together with ravellings, just to have something to do. Then in the spring we went to Portland; there was one house there then, and we took up what is now the Guild claim; lived there until the gold excitement broke out. People traveled then in small boats, and would ask the privilege, if raining, to spread their blankets in some house on the floor. Many nights we had our floors strewn with men for the night; we never thought of being afraid—every one was honest. One night four gentlemen from the English ship Modeste came and camped on our floor. After we had retired, I overheard one say, "By George, I don't see how I can go to sleep without a nightcap." Then another said he was afraid of taking cold without a night cap. I thought a little while, and then opened the door just a little and said, "Gentlemen excuse me, but I thought I heard you discussing a night cap. Here is mine, it has a frill on it, but it will prevent your taking cold." I never heard such laughing, I thought they would raise the roof. When I found out my mistake I joined in the laugh. I know now what a night cap means. When the mines broke out we sold our claim for $30 and came to Oregon City. It was then, as now, the Lowell of Oregon. We built our first house in Oregon City, on the bluff; paid three thousand dollars for the block, one hundred dollars a thousand for lumber and eight dollars a day for carpenters. Then ham was one dollar a pound, eggs one dollar per dozen, flour twenty dollars a barrel. The fare on a steamboat from Oregon City to Astoria was twenty-five dollars. I have lived right here, and here we spent all our hard earnings, building saw mills, paper mills, roads, bridges, and it all went to improve the country. But there are many here, and still coming, to enjoy what the pioneers labored so hard for. And in my opinion there are a very few left with anything more than just a living. And I think of all the people in Oregon to-day, they should be the most favored—should be able to enjoy the luxuries of our glorious land that we have so long and patiently waited for.

HON. SAMUEL R. THURSTON

BY MRS. W. H. ODELL

Hon. Samuel R. Thurston was born in Monmouth, Kennebec Co., Maine, April 15, 1816. His early life was passed in Peru, Oxford Co., Maine, a remote New England town, and is barren of incident save his struggles to obtain an education. By dint of toil and sacrifice, he paved his way through the public school, the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, and finally graduated from Bowdoin College, New Brunswick, Maine. He chose the law as his profession and after being admitted to the bar in his native state, he emigrated to Iowa and took up his residence in the then small city of Burlington. But allured by the promises of the beckoning West, in 1847 with his wife and infant son, he crossed the plains to Oregon, arriving at Oregon City in September of that year. He entered immediately upon a successful practice of his profession. In 1848 he was elected a member of the provisional legislature, and made an honorable reputation as a man of ability and integrity.

In 1849 when the United States extended its jurisdiction over Oregon, he was elected delegate to Congress.

A glance backward to that time will show that a journey to Washington was not then as now a pleasure trip. Leaving his home on the 6th of August, he traveled down the Columbia in an open boat reaching Astoria in six days; from thence to San Francisco in a sailing vessel, "with a pleasant captain and plenty of good food;" from that point to New York city via the isthmus of Darien, exposed to all the dangers and discomforts incident to travel on that route in those days, and reached the latter point November 11th.

The journey through the tropics and the indifferent fare upon the steamer had seriously impaired his health and a short extract

from a letter written to his home thus graphically describes the situation: "The day I went on shore I did not sit up over half an hour at a time. I determined, however, I would not yield, so I mounted a horse next morning and rode twenty-four miles over the worst road ever traveled by a horse. But as good luck would have it I arrived at Panama just after dark. I forgot to say that the horse with which I started, gave out twelve miles from Cruces, so that I had to leave him in the mud. What was I to do? In a wilderness, not able the day before to sit up an hour, now on foot where the mud half the way was eighteen inches deep! Such, however, was my locus in quo. I started on foot, but had not preceeded farbefore I came across a boy with a fresh horse which I succeeded in hiring at one dollar per mile. I mounted at once and arrived as above stated."

When he entered Congress as delegate, Oregon was comparatively unknown. He says: "The fame of Oregon what she once had, was now sleeping in forgetfulness, amid the panegyrics of California, and her voice which had been coming over the whitened crests of the Stony mountains was drowned in the clamour of golden reveries." Only the few were acquainted with its geography, climate or soil. To make it known to the many was a task he assumed by writing articles and sending them to the press throughout different parts of the country. This brought to him multitudes of letters all of which he answered though he consumed the midnight oil and robbed his wearied body and mind of their needed rest. In this way he contributed largely to make Oregon known and thereby greatly stimulated immigration. This silent influence was put forth in that spirit of sacrifice which works for others' good and is a proof of that untiring, unselfish devotion which in his whole public course he manifested for the home of his adoption.

At that time the Wilmot proviso was agitating the nation and it was difficult to legislate on matters not directly bearing on the issues in question. Extension of slavery or dissolution of the Union was the southern watchword alike of the democrat and the whig. But amid the stormy contests of debate he perfected

his measures securing magnificent appropriations, and affecting as much for the good of Oregon as has ever since been done in any one congressional term even since it has been admitted as a state.

It cannot now be understood how great was the labor involved to begin and complete measures so vital to the interest of our new territory. One must go back to that time and study the temper of that congress. Partisan feeling was at its flood-tide. Sectional strifes were bitter, and one man standing alone as a delegate needed to be "wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove." He says: "I saw at once that I must unite and combine strength from all. I therefore shut up the book of partisan politics, and opened one in which the whig, and the democrat, the free soiler, the northern and the southern man might read together in harmony." Events justified the wisdom of his policy. He further says, "My political preferences are well understood and I am ready to defend them on all proper occasions, but I shall take good care not to obtrude them to the detriment of those measures I am seeking for Oregon." Hence it will be seen that he was not the delegate of a party, but he wrought for all.

California was clamoring at the time to be a state and his speech upon the question of admission was a masterly effort and elicited general applause. Through his efforts the exorbitant charge of 25 cents postage on letters from Oregon to the Atlantic and Western States was reduced to three cents, a measure of very great benefit to every Oregonian who wished to remember his friends at home. The land bill which is well understood and appreciated by old Oregonians was the crowning act of his public life. There was much opposition to it from various quarters. Land speculators opposed donations hoping thereby to bring the lands into market. Members of congress thought it a great waste of the public domain, to give lands with such a lavish hand. A foreign monopoly sought to defeat it with insidious efforts, and other modes of opposition were not wanting; but amid all these Mr. Thurston carried his measure successfully through and thus says of the result, "The day of its passage, I consider a proud one for Oregon and I shall look upon it during my whole life as the

day star of Oregon's greatness. I trust I may be allowed without censure or the suspicion of vanity, to remember with heartfelt satisfaction the humble part I have been permitted to play in this matter."

His excessive labors enfeebled his health. At their close he turned his steps homeward exultant in the hope of being again in the territory whose interests he had so materially advanced, and seeing once more the friends for whom he had faithfully toiled, and of being reunited to a beloved family. But to him it was not given to realize his fondest hopes. He breathed his last on board the steamer California off Acapulco, April 9th, 1851. His remains now repose in the Odd Fellows cemetery at Salem, the capital city, beneath a monument erected by the people whom he served. His death was a painful bereavement to his family and a great loss to Oregon. He was cut down in early manhood while his well deserved laurels were yet green, but his noble services for the land to which he gave his life have erected for him a monument more enduring than marble.